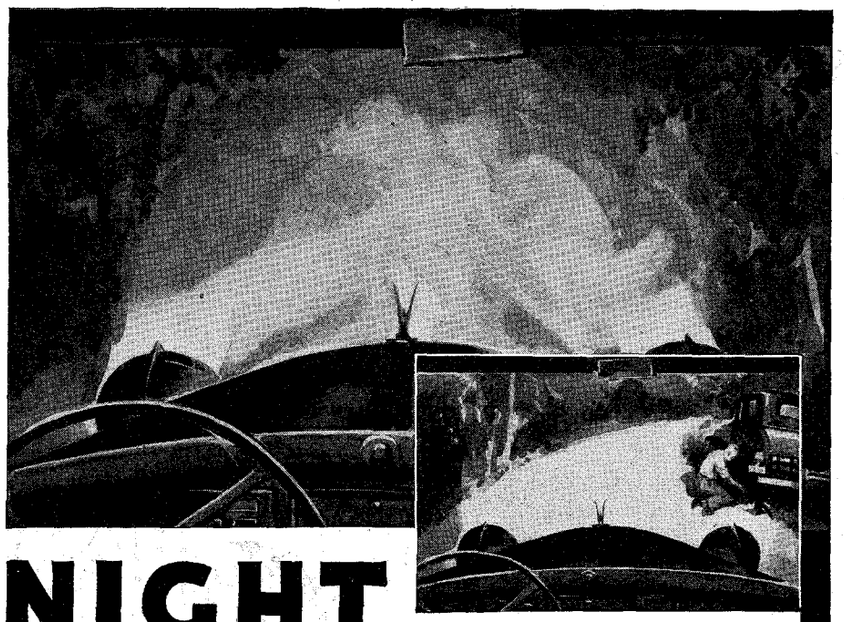

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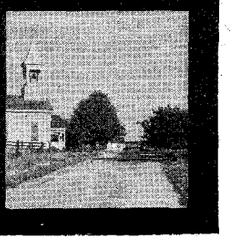

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for MAY 7, 1932

VOLUME 113 NUMBER 6

Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue
New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00, six months; 10 cents a copy; Canada, $6.60 a year; $3.30, six months; 15 cents a copy; other foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary,* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. London Office, 14 Salisbury Square. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

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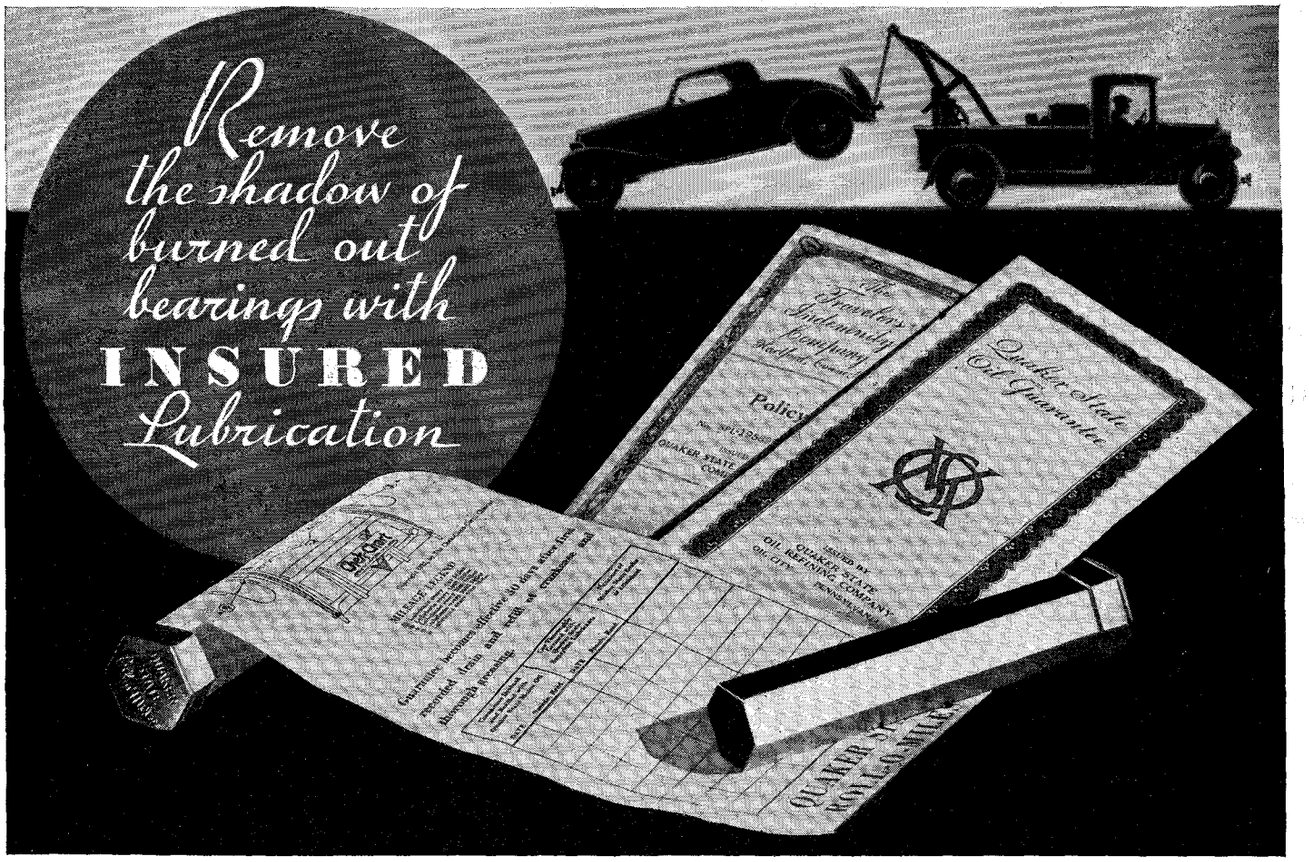

CRASH! At sixty a skid, a telephone pole, a ruined car, ready for the junk pile. But the slower and *more certain* destruction wrought by faulty lubrication is equally disastrous. Mute testimony of inferior quality oils and greases is also furnished in junk yards—gaunt, rusty hulks, once sleek, purring cars—sacrificed to haphazard lubrication long before the paid-for mileage was enjoyed!

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Any motorist anywhere in the United States and Canada may now enjoy this protection.

Study the "Quaker Statement" at the right. Then change to Quaker State and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles"—the new, unique lubrication guide and Chek-Chart which slips into the pocket of your car and aids Quaker State dealers to be certain your car gets the *right* lubrication at the *right* time in the *right* places. Use the coupon to order your "Roll-o-Miles" or to secure more detailed information.

THE QUAKER STATEMENT

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1 - Perfected motor oils and greases to meet full requirements of all seasons for each part of every make of car.

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Name..... Date.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Make of Car..... Year of Model.....

Factory or Serial No.....

Brand of oil I am now using.....

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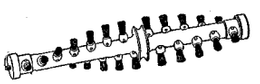
THIS NEW HOOVER

Lighter in weight
*More efficient**
Lower in price and ONLY $450 DOWN

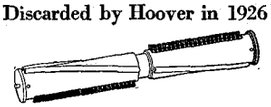
MONTHLY PAYMENTS GREATLY REDUCED

The Silver Jubilee Hoovers include three new models—the Popular-Priced Hoover pictured, the Two-Speed Hoover and the Gold Chevron Hoover

* *Here's the difference between The Hoover and other cleaners*



Discarded by Hoover in 1926



Adopted by Hoover in 1926

Six years ago Hoover discovered the cleaning principle "Positive Agitation" and replaced its motor-driven brush with the smooth, polished steel, beater bars of the patented Agitator. If you have cleaned a brush matted with threads and hair or watched your cleaner's efficiency dwindle as brush bristles wore, you will understand how much more efficient the Agitator is.

The bright and thorough rug cleanliness that only Positive Agitation can give was never so easily obtained as it is this year. The new Popular-Priced Hoover—a special Silver Jubilee value—is more efficient, lower priced, and sells on new and easier terms. Both the down payment and the monthly payments have been reduced. You will receive a liberal allowance for your old electric cleaner. You can try this Hoover—and you *should* try it, no matter what cleaner you are considering, before you buy. Just telephone your Hoover dealer for a home trial of this Silver Jubilee model.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners . . . The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

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BEAT . . . AS THEY SWEEP . . . AS THEY CLEAN . . . ON A CUSHION OF AIR

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Red Lights Ahead for the Roosevelt Band-Wagon?

HOW ABOUT THAT ROOSEVELT BAND-WAGON? Does it just keep rollin' along, like "Ol' Man River," or is it really being slowed up?

Have the Democratic voters in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, in Al Smith's phrase, actually "put the chock under the band-wagon for the time being," or is Roosevelt, in the words of a friendly Pennsylvania editor, "a trifle farther in front than he was before—and still going strong"?

These are the questions editors and political experts are all trying to answer as they examine the returns from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

It is impossible to sum up their conclusions in a word, but the prevailing sentiment seems to be that these primaries have given encouragement to the "stop-Roosevelt" movement, and have at the very least given the Roosevelt managers reason for greater care and intensified activity. Some pretty strong language is used by certain political authorities in a real clash of opinion. We shall come right to it as soon as we take a little space for recalling what happened in these two great Eastern States, on April 26.

Tho Smith entered the fray comparatively late, he was generally expected to carry the Massachusetts primaries against Roosevelt. It was a red-hot campaign. Mayor Curley of Boston and Governor Roosevelt's son, James, led the Roosevelt forces. The big Smith leaders were Governor Ely and Senator Walsh.

The Rooseveltians had the first chance to cheer, when the first returns came in from the little town of Mashpee, which reported a 14 to 8 victory for Roosevelt. But that was about their last cheer. Complete returns gave the leading Smith delegate 153,303 votes, to the leading Roosevelt delegate's 56,480. This is practically three to one. But Republican observers take encouragement from the very small total Democratic vote, compared with the Smith 1928 vote of 792,758.

AND while we are thinking of Massachusetts, it might be well to quote a word or two of typical comment from Bay State editors. Massachusetts Democrats, says the Boston *Globe* (Dem.), "have put themselves in the forefront of the stop-Roosevelt movement; it is the first reverse in the campaign for the nomination of the present Governor of New York." It shows, we read in the Boston *Post* (Dem)., that "Alfred E. Smith is still emphatically the 'favorite son' of the Massachusetts Democracy." And as for Roosevelt, "a few more reverses will put his candidacy in danger." The severe rebuff to the Roosevelt campaign may have "a direct effect upon the nomination," says the editor of the Lawrence *Tribune* (Dem.). The moral effect of the Roosevelt reverse, in the Springfield *Republican's* (Ind.) opinion, "is of more consequence than can be measured merely in the delegates lost to former Governor Smith." Mr. Smith's probable aim, reflects the independent Lowell *Courier-Citizen*, "is not so much to be nominated as to be in position to say who the nominee shall be." This paper suggests:

"It is by no means an impossibility that the choice will fall on Newton D. Baker, whose nomination Mr. Hoover would have the most reason to fear. If the Democratic party really wishes to cash in on the unusual chance afforded by the circumstances of the time, it will nominate the strongest man it can find."

And to add a word from a Massachusetts Republican daily, we find the Springfield *Union* extracting a bit of comfort for Republicans out of the event:

"That even a fourth of the Democrats voting should have favored the Roosevelt slate is an indication of an acute division of party sentiment which may be carried into the campaign, whoever may be the Democratic nominee.

"If it indicates that Roosevelt would not carry the State, it also indicates that Smith is not as popular with the rank and file as four years ago, while, if neither is nominated, Democratic enthusiasm is little likely to rise to 1928 heights."

But the big fact is that Alfred E. Smith will have thirty-six votes from Massachusetts in the Chicago convention.

IT is not so simple in Pennsylvania. In the first place, the vote was comparatively close and the returns were a long time coming in, so that it may require an official recount before we know just who every one of the seventy-six delegates will be. But what complicates it even worse is that in Pennsylvania the law does not bind the delegates to support the winner of the preference vote. According to an International News Service dispatch from Philadelphia, about three-fourths of the candidates made oral promises to support the winner. But there is nothing to keep them from changing their minds. So the International News writer has an idea that there is going to be "considerable jockeying in the Pennsylvania delegation between now and June 27 in Chicago." Roosevelt leaders in Pennsylvania claim more than fifty delegates, but newspaper observers incline to put the seventy-six from Pennsylvania in the "doubtful" column. Early figures give Roosevelt a lead of 20,000 over Smith in the popular vote.

So it is not at all strange to find the leaders on both sides professing satisfaction over the result in Pennsylvania. Nor is it strange to find Pennsylvania editors a little cautious in their statements. In Lackawanna County, which gave Smith a 12-to-1 preference, the Democratic Scranton *Times* sees Smith becoming a more important factor in the Chicago convention. The Philadelphia *Record's* Washington correspondent, Elliott Thurston, seems to think that things are just about where they were, that "Smith is just as much out of the race as ever, tho he proved himself still popular," and "that Roosevelt is just as

Analysis of the Poll

A COMPLETE analysis of The Literary Digest's Prohibition Poll (concluded last week) will be published in next week's issue (instead of this week's as previously announced). This searching statistical document will be found, as forecast last week, "a mine of information."

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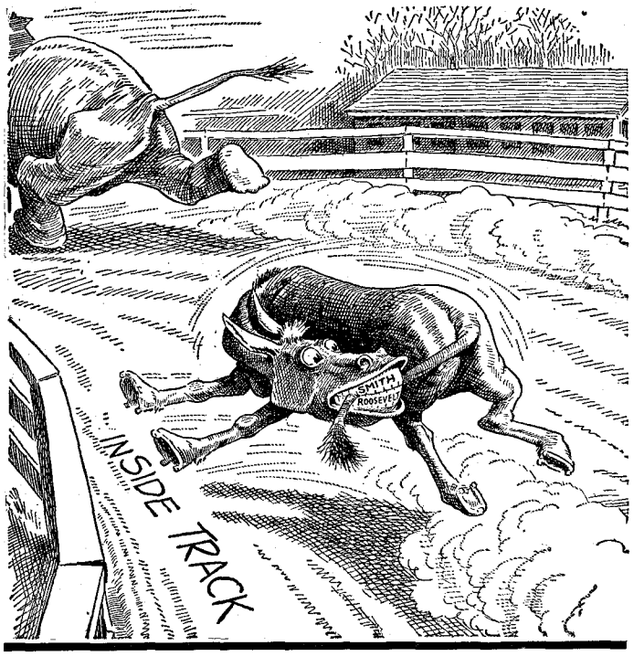
far ahead in the race as ever." Editorially *The Record* says that:

"The net result of the two primaries, in terms of actual delegates, will probably give Roosevelt a slight numerical advantage. Something more significant than the Pennsylvania and Massachusetts primaries must happen, if the 'stop-Roosevelt' movement succeeds. Roosevelt is a trifle farther in front than he was before—and still going strong."

As Roosevelt and Smith are both New Yorkers, and the big New York delegation will apparently go to Chicago unpledged, just a word or two from New York will not be amiss. The result of the two primaries, as the New York *Times* (Dem.) has it, is "check but not checkmate":

"The significant thing in Massachusetts was not that Smith won but that Roosevelt was overwhelmingly defeated.

"That can not fail to spread among his followers and prospective supporters a spirit of hesitation and doubt. To them it will no longer look as if Governor Roosevelt were to ride prosperously



A Republican Jibe

Whoa!

—Ireland in the Columbus "Dispatch."

to a nomination, with only half-hearted opposition, and afterward to an election."

"The Roosevelt chariot struck a snag," says the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, in a leading editorial. The causes of Roosevelt's declining fortunes, as seen by this Republican paper, lie "in his complacent attitude toward Tammany and in the appalling weakness of his national utterances." And in the same issue of *The Herald Tribune* are even stronger words from its special writer, Mr. Walter Lippmann:

"These results dispose completely of the Roosevelt propaganda that he is the idol of the masses, opposed only by the international bankers, the power trust, and Mr. Raskob. To-day it is certain that in the industrial sections of the country Mr. Roosevelt is very far from being the idol of the masses.

"Why is this?

"Are the miners of Scranton and Wilkes-Barre the minions of Wall Street?

"Or don't they want a President whose heart is sympathetic with them?

"The real reason is that the people of the East know about Mr. Roosevelt, and gradually have taken his measure. They have detected something hollow in him, something synthetic, something pretended and calculated.

"Mr. Roosevelt does not ring true. This has been the judgment of the great majority of Democratic insiders. It has now been confirmed by the urban masses of the East.

"It has now been made plain that Mr. Roosevelt's position is about as follows: he has popular strength in the South, in the Northwest, and probably on the Pacific coast. He has strength among the professional politicians in these sections plus some scattered professional following elsewhere among politicians who were looking for the band-wagon.

"But in the industrial Middle West and in the industrial East he has neither popular strength nor professional, and he has the great weakness of having antagonized Al Smith's most devoted followers. Unless the Chicago convention thinks that he can carry every State west of the Mississippi and south of the Potomac, and win with those electoral votes alone, they will not take the risk of nominating him."

Analyzing the situation in the same newspaper, Mark Sullivan, Washington correspondent, says that most of the major leaders of the Democratic party oppose Roosevelt. But "of the lesser leaders, by far the great majority are for Roosevelt." But they "are for victory first." So Mr. Sullivan thinks. Let them get the idea that the nomination of Roosevelt "might not hold out the certainty of party victory, and they will leave Roosevelt." However, adds Mr. Sullivan:

"To this picture there is one qualification, so far as opposition to Roosevelt's nomination comes from leaders in New York and the East, so far as it is exprest by Smith, it tends to stiffen Roosevelt's support in the South and West."

"A Setback," so Frank R. Kent entitles his column in the Baltimore *Sun*, in which he says:

"Beyond doubt the primary results in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are a setback for the Roosevelt candidacy. There is general agreement that the chances of his running away with the nomination before the convention have diminished."

Had Mr. Roosevelt swept Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, "his nomination would have been conceded by all practical politicians," observes David Lawrence, who comes to the conclusion in a Consolidated Press dispatch that the actual results "signify that Mr. Roosevelt has not yet won the nomination, that the regulars in the party are divided as between Roosevelt and other candidates, and that it will be considerable of a job for the New York Governor to get two-thirds if from now on Smith makes an active fight."

But even the Smith sweep in Massachusetts and the big Smith vote in Pennsylvania furnish "no basis for prediction that the nomination of Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt can be prevented," the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle* insists—

"It is regarded as axiomatic that the strength of Mr. Roosevelt lies in the weakness of the opposition. Granting that the 'stop-Roosevelt' movement is now demonstrated still to possess considerable life, it is not apparent where the opposition can turn to find a candidate who stands a real chance of getting the nomination."

Finally, a correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* at the Governors' conference at Richmond reports that the consensus of opinion of the Governors, "both Democratic and Republican, was that Governor Roosevelt would be the nominee."

A summing up of the delegate race after last week's primaries, and conventions in other States, in all of which Hoover was accepted by the Republicans, appears in the columns of the New York *Daily News* as follows:

DEMOCRATS		REPUBLICANS	
Roosevelt	251	Hoover	447
Lewis	58	(153 of these claimed by ex-Senator Joseph I. France).	
Reed	36		
Smith	36		
Murray	23	Norris	12
Uninstructed	144	Uninstructed	212
In doubt	76		
Total	624	Total	671
Necessary to a choice	770	Necessary to a choice	578

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The President's Plea for the Taxpayer

WORKING FAST, PRESIDENT HOOVER prepares a special speech in record time.

Then off to Richmond he dashes, by automobile and train, and there delivers before the Governors' conference one of his most important addresses of recent months—on taxation.

Seven hours later he is back in Washington again, as the waves of opinion he stirred sweep across the country. Both criticism and praise mark the first comment.

By some observers the speech is regarded as the basis of the economy appeal to be strest by the President during the coming campaign. He pleaded for maintenance of "the financial integrity of the government, State, Federal, county, and municipal," by reducing the cost of government, drawing on new sources of taxation, and eliminating inequities and duplications in the various tax systems.

Pointing out that "the foundations of recovery of business, of employment and of agriculture depend upon the success of our efforts and the efforts of our legislators," the President proceeded to analyze the causes of the great increase in taxation in recent years. "To-day," he said, "we are clearly absorbing too great a portion of the national income for the conduct of our various branches of government," for "the aggregate expenditures of National, State and local governments probably represent more than 20 per cent. of the national income."

Driving this point home, Mr. Hoover said that "before the war theoretically every man worked twenty-five days a year for the National, State, and local governments combined." Now he works sixty-one days.

Turning to the question of reducing this burden, he pointed out that some expenditures can be curtailed and others permanently canceled; waste and duplication can be eliminated. Then:

"We can not restore economic stability in the nation by continuing to siphon so large a part of private effort into the coffers of the Government. Its abstraction from the people stifles the productivity, the consumption, and the recovery of employment.

"Nor can we hide our heads in the sand by borrowing to cover current government expenses, for thus we drain the capital of the country into public securities and draft it away from industry and commerce.

"Thus a dominant national necessity is to reduce the expenditures of all our governments.

"This is not only the need; it is the universal demand."

The purpose of his address, Mr. Hoover continued, was "to express a desire for greater cooperation and coordination of our mutual problems. Just as you are meeting here to-day to develop helpful action out of common experience, I take the liberty of suggesting to you that similar conferences and examination of problems by the executives of your local government in each State would be productive of useful results."

Hoover's Tax Warning in a Table

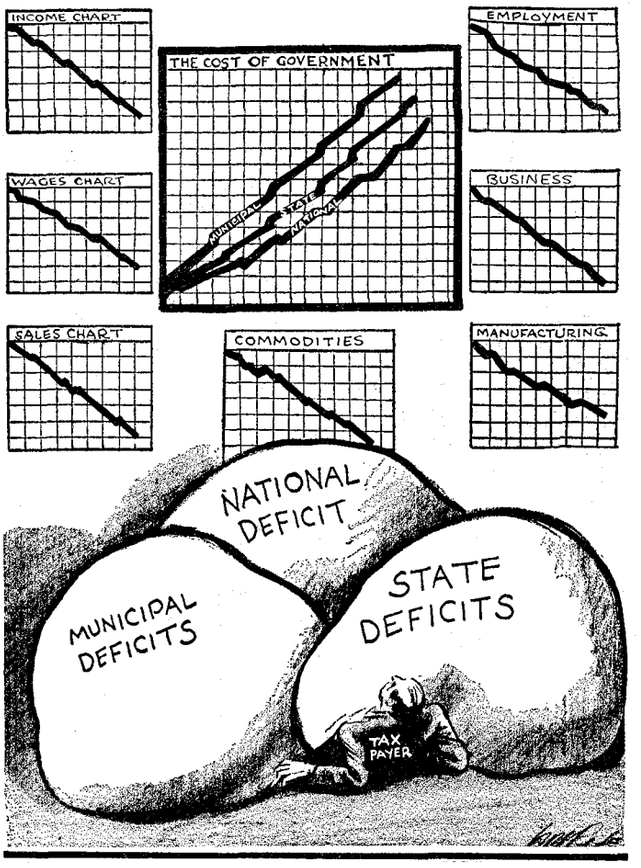
Here is President Hoover's table showing the tremendous increase in taxes of recent years. He takes "1913 as the last year to reflect prewar conditions, 1924 as far enough removed from the actual war years to fairly indicate the trend, and 1930 as the last year for which figures are available."

"Expenditures, including debt retirement from surplus, were approximately as follows:—

	1913	*1924*	*1930*
Federal.....	$700,000,000	$4,100,000,000	$4,200,000,000
State.....	400,000,000	1,400,000,000	2,300,000,000
Local.....	1,800,000,000	5,400,000,000	7,500,000,000
Totals....	$2,900,000,000	$10,900,000,000	$14,000,000,000

"Our outstanding debt was approximately:—

	1913	*1924*	*1930*
Federal.....	$1,000,000,000	$21,300,000,000	$16,200,000,000
State.....	300,000,000	1,100,000,000	1,800,000,000
Local.....	3,500,000,000	8,000,000,000	12,600,000,000
Totals....	$4,800,000,000	$30,400,000,000	$30,600,000,000



Against the Trend

—Rose in the Boston "Herald."

"The President had hardly left the auditorium," writes Ernest K. Lindley of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "before he became the target of criticism, direct and indirect, from several of the leading Democratic Governors, including Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut and Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland"—

"Governor Cross, in a speech upon the same subject as the President's, pointedly spoke of the legalization of beer or liquor as one way to tap a source of revenue which is now 'all going to the underworld.' He criticized also the tariff policy of the Hoover Administration, and called the Hoover reconstruction program 'a sort of oxygen treatment to help the patient through a crisis.' He said that it was 'very necessary,' but that 'it does not touch the fundamentals.'

"Governor Ritchie vigorously objected to implied inclusion of Maryland in the President's general observations. He said that Maryland had 'looked ahead,' and already had done what the President now was advising."

ONE of the first papers to praise the President's speech is the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which says that "in his plea for economy the President was specific and constructive. He put his finger on the sensitive spot."

In the same vein, the Boston *News Bureau* asserts that "Mr. Hoover has made the 'national need' crystal clear, and has sounded a tocsin call to all concerned."

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The Great Senate Bear Hunt

(A digest in dialog form of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee's investigation of the Stock Exchange)

DUNN—A cigar-store news-stand proprietor.
CLAY—A customer-friend who has dropt in for a chat.

(*Dunn* and *Clay* are imaginary persons. Their talk is based upon actual newspaper dispatches and editorial comment on the Senate's investigation.)

CLAY (picking up a paper from a pile on the counter, and glancing at the front page)—What do you think of this Senate investigation of the stock market? Are they going to get anywhere with it?

DUNN—Well, whether they find anything crooked or not, it's going to be an education for the public—on how the market works.

CLAY—They didn't get very far with President Whitney of the New York Stock Exchange, did they?

DUNN—No. Couldn't budge him an inch or make him admit a thing was wrong.

CLAY—Senator Norbeck told him he was hopeless.

DUNN—Maybe he was, from Norbeck's view-point. But Whitney believes that short selling is all right, a needed safeguard, and he gave a warning that the Exchange would have to close if it were prohibited. Some of those Senators seem pretty anxious to catch bear raiders, but I don't know what luck they'll have. Did you see what the New York *Herald Tribune* said about it?

CLAY—No.

DUNN (picking up a paper)—Well, listen to this (reads): "When everything goes wrong through nobody's fault in particular, the instinctive demand in every bosom is for some one to blame. Hence the popularity of scapegoats and the personal devil. The angry shouts emerging from the lips of Senator Norbeck because he can find nothing wrong in the testimony of Mr. Richard Whitney are a sincere expression of this precise demand."

CLAY—Yes, but Senator Norbeck and Senator Brookhart seem pretty confident that they are going to pin something on the Exchange, or at least show up some of these fellows who have been raiding the market. A bear isn't of much help in these hard times.

DUNN—Maybe not. But the very first bear they had on the stand didn't seem like a bad sort. He handed the Senators a lot of laughs, and he was as frank as could be, the papers said.

CLAY—You mean Brush.

DUNN—Yes. Matthew C. Brush, president of the American International Corporation.

CLAY—I didn't have time to read all of his testimony. But he admitted something that Whitney wouldn't—that short sales, added to natural liquidation, will put prices down.

Harris & Ewing

Matthew C. Brush

Acme

Percy A. Rockefeller

The First Two "Bears"

Found in the Senate Banking Committee's Wall Street Hunt.

DUNN—He said short selling was a contributing, but not a controlling factor. And I guess he knows what he's talking about. He's a director in fifty or sixty corporations, and one of the largest operators in Wall Street, according to the papers. In 1929 he said his long account was $15,000,000. After the crash, he turned to the bear side, and at one time had as high as 125,000 shares. But he never made quick deals. If he bought or sold, he took a position and he held it, sometimes for months.

CLAY (chuckling)—He didn't hand out any good tips, did he?

DUNN—Yes; but with reverse English. He says it's pathetic the way you and I and a thousand other little fellows buy stocks.

CLAY—Pathetic? Why?

DUNN (picking up a paper)—Here's what he says about us traders who don't know anything about the intrinsic value of a stock (reads): "They get a circular from Heinie Kaboodle, just over from Greece two months, telling them that X Y Z is a great buy, and they all jump in. That's not an exaggeration. It's pathetic the basis on which the average traders buy stock."

CLAY—I might have used that tip—three years ago.

DUNN—Here's the best example of how they take us for a ride, according to Brush (reads): "Suppose I go in at the close of the market. Steel is at 29. I bid it up to 30. The market closes a point up. That night some fellow out in Keokuk says to his mother over a stein of beer—if they have beer out there—'Look, Steel closed up a point. Let's get in on it,' says this fellow. In the morning he goes in and I sell him the very stock used to put up the price the day before. Down goes the price. Of course, I don't trade that way. It's too fast for me."

CLAY—He's right—except that I don't drink beer.

DUNN—Brookhart asked Brush if they were running a racket like Al Capone, and Brush said, "Al Capone is a piker compared with them." Then Senator Bulkley asked him if he felt justified as a patriot in selling short at the present time, and Brush said, "patriotism has nothing to do with it."

CLAY—He thinks short selling is quite proper?

DUNN—So I gather. He also says that the short seller often loses because he can't buck the trend. If they prohibited short selling he thinks there would be terrific swings in the market—twenty points up or down in a single day.

CLAY—Well, we may be suckers, you and I, but the big fellows weren't so smart either. Look at Percy A. Rockefeller.

DUNN—Yes, that was a sad tale he told the committee. He did pretty well, tho, when he turned to the bear side a couple of years ago; admitted he had cleaned up $550,000.

CLAY—But that was nothing to what he lost in the crash.

DUNN—What did he say it was—"a great many, many millions." And he thinks his only chance for a comeback is for the whole country to recover.

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CLAY—If John D's nephew gets caught, I don't see that you and I are so dumb.

DUNN—Tell my wife that, won't you? I try to, but she won't listen. Another thing—look at that big $32,000,000 bull pool in Anaconda copper in 1929 that Bernard E. Smith and Thomas Bragg told about.

CLAY—The one John J. Raskob lost in?

DUNN—Yes—Raskob and W. F. Kenny, Al Smith's friend, and Fred J. Fisher of Detroit, and W. C. Durant. Bragg said he lost $400,000 of the $500,000 he put in. Rockefeller had a small hand in that pool, too. Of course, that wasn't a bear operation.

CLAY—Representative La Guardia certainly thinks Wall Street's a racket, judging by the charges he made.

DUNN—It will take a lot of explaining to account for all that money paid to financial writers. La Guardia seems dead sure they were paid to help rig the market.

CLAY—Yes, he charges that brokers rig the market, and hire a high-powered publicity man to push their schemes. I wonder if that trunkful of data La Guardia introduced will reveal much.

DUNN—Perhaps. If he's right the committee should be able to dig out the evidence. I see they're planning the broadest kind of investigation, and may take all summer to do it.

CLAY—How do the editors feel about this bear hunt?

DUNN—They're pretty badly split over it. Some criticize Mr. Whitney for trying to make the Stock Exchange appear like a Sunday-school, while others praise him for what they call his cool and patient defense of the Exchange. The Washington *Post* here has a strong statement. It says (reads): "Public opinion will not tolerate the system which has been used to ruin investors. It is not a question of protecting 'lambs' who are fleeced while trying to speculate. It is a question of protecting industry and business against blacklegs who do not hesitate to strike down the national welfare for their own profit."

Another Leap-Year Marriage

—Smith in the San Francisco "Examiner."

Still on the Trail of Prosperity

—Sykes in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger."

CLAY—That sounds reasonable.

DUNN—And here's another angle, from the New York *Evening Post* (reads): "If half the short sellers called before the committee can make as truthful and well-poised witnesses as President Richard Whitney, the Stock Exchange need have no fear of the investigation's outcome." And here's what seems to be a very fair summary of the situation. It's from the Brooklyn *Eagle* (reads): "With everything else under the sun being subjected to regulation, there is no reason why an intelligent effort should not be made to bring under more effective control an institution whose practises in many cases are extremely harmful to the public at large. At the same time it should be recognized that under our present system a market is essential, and that drastic attempts to change human nature by putting the Stock Exchange into a legal strait-jacket may do more harm than good."

CLAY—Fair enough.

DUNN—But maybe this whole investigation is exaggerated beyond its proper importance. You saw what Gen. Charles G. Dawes said about the Stock Exchange, didn't you? He said it was "nothing but a peanut-stand, magnified out of its proper relation in comparison with its importance."

CLAY—Dawes would say that.

DUNN—And he threw in a few "hells" to emphasize it. Here's what else he said (reads): "It is not what the crowd in Wall Street thinks that controls. It is what the mass of the people think and feel about it; and, take it from me, the mass is feeling better."

CLAY—That's cheerful. By the way, I heard to-day that Amalgamated Whozis is a mighty good buy right now. And it closed up a point to-day. What do you say if we——

He Seems to Have Taken Everything Except the Bees

—Ray in the Kansas City "Star."

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One-Fourth of a State Sold for Taxes

THE THUNDERING OF THE AUCTIONEER'S hammer sounds a knell throughout the State of Mississippi. High taxes and cheap cotton are taking a heavy toll. Thousands are losing their homes. Historic plantations, as well as modest dwellings, are being sacrificed under economic pressure.

The statistics of the situation are amazing. As the El Paso *Times* exclaims: "Think of nearly 40,000 farm families in a single State being turned out homeless because of unpaid taxes!"

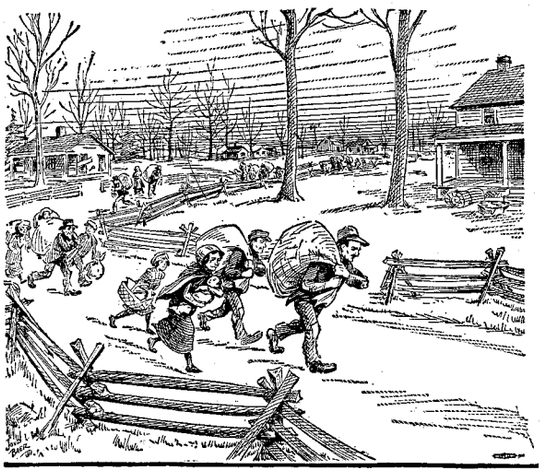
It may not be quite as bad as that, for "owners may retain possession of lands sold and have two years in which to redeem them," as the Jackson correspondent of the United Press tells us. But then he points out that on a single day last month—

"One-fourth of the entire area of the State went under the auctioneers' hammers.

"That land included 20 per cent. of all farms and 12 to 15 per cent. of all town property. The sales conducted by seventy-four sheriffs affected 39,699 farms.

"Of the land sold Monday, about 400,000 acres went to the State. The remainder went to insurance companies, loan agencies, and mortgage holders to protect loans.

"The State already has more than 1,000,000 acres on its hands, so acquired. In another eighteen months, with the rate of acquisition increasing, it will have more than 3,000,000 acres of farmers' lands."



In America!

—Baer in "Labor" (Washington, D. C.).

"WHAT is the cause of this?" asks the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger*, and then answers:

"One of the causes is the ever-increasing cost of government, city, county, State, and national.

"Extravagance and wanton waste have so crept into office that it requires a large part of the receipts of a farm to meet the tax bill. . . .

"If the taxpayers will organize one-half as strongly as those who are eating at the public trough, then economy can be forced into the heads of office holders."

Here we have "a situation essentially destructive of the American politico-economic system," declares the Galveston *Daily News*. "It is an absolute denial of the democratic theory that the government exists for the benefit of the people and not the people for the benefit of the government." And this paper concludes:

"Mississippi presents an exaggerated case, of course, but it should help the whole country to realize that a disproportionate share of the public wealth can not be commandeered for purposes of government without encountering disaster."

A SWING toward Communism is seen in this State control of land. "By process of law supposed to guarantee the American system," asserts the Macon *Telegraph*, "we are practising Communism."

The broader phases of the situation are discust by the New Orleans *Item:*

"The legislation of our national Government and the efforts of all public and private agencies in America must be directed to better the condition of the farmers.

"The cities depend on the country. There is going to be no such thing as real prosperity in America with its farmers impoverished and bankrupt. We have got to restore buying power to the country districts.

"We can not maintain buying power in the cities unless there is buying power in the country."

No Rich Men Left?

"THERE ARE NO RICH MEN in America to-day." By saying that, Charles M. Schwab starts the editors talking, their reactions ranging from solemn acceptance to rude snorts and guffaws.

Jeeringly, the Philadelphia *Record* says it is making up "a new list of worthy recipients," on which it will place Mr. Schwab, Mr. Mellon, and Mr. Morgan.

"These, too, it appears, have joined the deserving poor," remarks *The Record*. "Won't somebody please chip in to finance a cup of coffee and a sandwich for these needy gentlemen?"

But other papers take the statement seriously. Mr. Schwab, chairman of the board of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, is recognized as an optimist. In fact, the Buffalo *Courier-Express* calls him the "sunshine dispenser extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the land of optimism."

But this year, Mr. Schwab admits, he is "a little more solemn" than ever before, and that change in him seems to impress many editors.

"I have been a very rich man," said Mr. Schwab, as the press quotes his speech before the Pennsylvania Society in New York City—

"I had always thought that the question of money in my life would never come up.

"But let me say that there are no rich men in America to-day. We don't know where we stand. The highest type of riches as personified in this country to-day has practically vanished, and they are afraid to look at their ledgers to see if they are worth anything or not. . . .

"We don't know whether the values we have are going to be real values next month or not."

BUT despite this uncertainty, Mr. Schwab said he had "never lost the feeling that things will ultimately be all right"—

"We had five or six years of great prosperity. We didn't stop to think that they were quickly gliding by. We mustn't complain if we have five or six years of very great depression.

"We mustn't complain if we go broke and all that sort of thing happens.

"There is one great thing for a real man to do—that is to sweat, to go to work, to do the best he can in the circumstances, to build for his industry, to build for his home, to build for his country for the future. The old law of supply and demand has not changed. We can't create things that the people don't want."

Instead of "no rich men," says the Buffalo paper already quoted, "not so rich would have been a more accurate phrase." But the Detroit *Free Press* thinks that Mr. Schwab "came close to speaking the literal truth," for "the process of readjustment and reorganization which is going on throughout the United States is doing strange things to wealth."

"One big trouble," asserts the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "is that some men of large wealth, brooding on the big drop in their securities, are so pessimistic that they are doing more to create gloom that the armies of the unemployed." And it is the rich, "who are unwilling to trust in their country and put their money at work, who are delaying what must be a slow return to prosperity."

One thing obvious to many editors is that the rich can not stay rich unless all classes have economic security. We are, as the Washington *Post* remarks, "all in the same boat."

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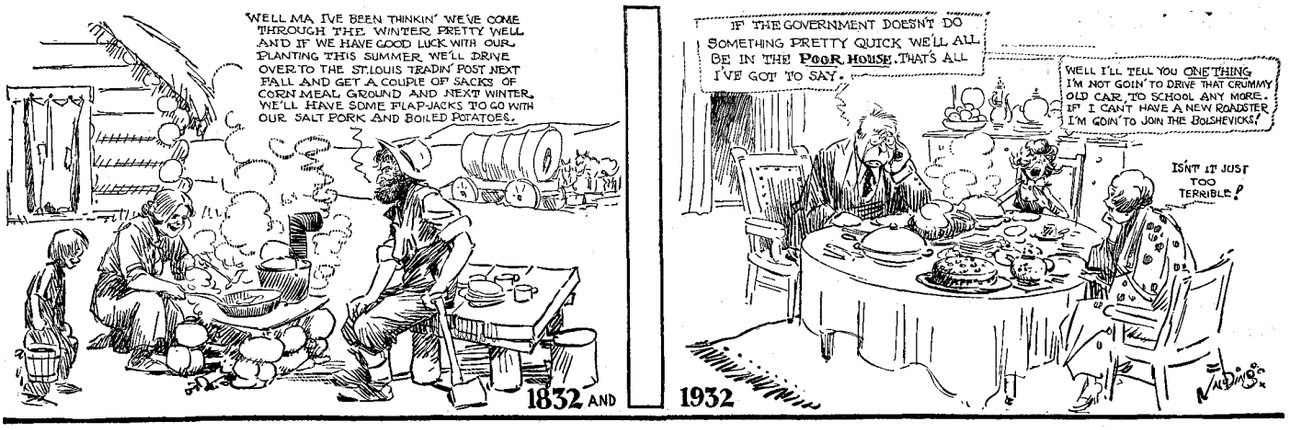
WELL MA, I'VE BEEN THINKIN' WE'VE COME THROUGH THE WINTER PRETTY WELL AND IF WE HAVE GOOD LUCK WITH OUR PLANTING THIS SUMMER, WE'LL DRIVE OVER TO THE ST. LOUIS TRADIN' POST NEXT FALL AND GET A COUPLE OF SACKS OF CORN MEAL GROUND AND NEXT WINTER, WE'LL HAVE SOME FLAP-JACKS TO GO WITH OUR SALT PORK AND BOILED POTATOES.
1832 AND
IF THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T DO SOMETHING PRETTY QUICK WE'LL ALL BE IN THE POOR HOUSE. THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY.
WELL I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING I'M NOT GOIN' TO DRIVE THAT CRUMMY OLD CAR TO SCHOOL ANY MORE. IF I CAN'T HAVE A NEW ROADSTER I'M GOIN' TO JOIN THE BOLSHEVICKS!
ISN'T IT JUST TOO TERRIBLE?
1932

Copyright, 1932, by the New York Tribune, Inc. Courtesy of the New York *Herald Tribune*

That Sturdy Old American Spirit

—Darling in the New York "Herald Tribune."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

It's bonus bloc against bonus block.—*Dallas News.*

And those that live by the sword shall perish by the pensions. —*Shreveport Journal.*

The wailing wall in Jerusalem isn't the only one. Look at the tariff walls.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

The new ruler of Manchuria is not exactly a czar, but just a kind of czardine.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

As to most of the 1,260 stocks listed on the Wall Street mart, the list is distressingly evident.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Economists have been telling us that prosperity was just around the corner, but when we got there it was only taxes.—*Judge.*

If there is no such thing as premonition of suffering to come, what made the early radio sets howl that way?—*Bridgeport Times-Star.*

Sad story of war. Government to doughboys, 1917: "Go across." Doughboys to Government, 1932: "Come across."—*Vincennes (Ind.) Sun.*

Gen. Smedley D. Butler says he always asks the Lord to help him say the right thing; but it must be discouraging.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Two prisoners held for robbery in Los Angeles say they are ex-ball players. Must be some mistake in this. They are probably umpires.—*Portland Oregonian.*

The reason this country does not belong to the Indians now is because pioneers didn't sit and wait for the Government to solve their problems.—*Los Angeles Times.*

An Apache Indian girl, we hear, is employed in a Phœnix beauty parlor. No doubt she carries on the ancestral tradition and specializes in scalp treatments.—*Arizona Producer.*

The devil himself is responsible for the prevalence of crime, according to a Toronto magistrate. Then the devil must be stopt. How about pinching him for failure to pay his income tax?—*Detroit News.*

An Alabama Congressman advocates a law to reestablish commodity prices at the predepression level. Why not simply enact a law to reestablish all our bank accounts at that point? —*San Diego Union.*

Makers of platforms, a news note informs us, will soon begin to get busy. As usual, we suppose, they'll look over the old chestnut stock before they decide finally on the material for the planks.—*Boston Herald.*

A fellow up in Mansfield, Ohio, stole a circus automobile that stands on its radiator, rears back on its hind wheels, whirls about and turns over sidewise. The thief probably got away with it by driving in the Sunday afternoon traffic where he wasn't specially noticeable.—*Nashville Banner.*

The times are out of joint, not joints.—*Louisville Times.*

Cheer up and smile. It's gravity that keeps things down. —*Duluth News-Tribune.*

A Virginia man has succeeded in crossing a cabbage with an onion. What will he name the cigar?—*Life.*

Republics aren't so very ungrateful if those who deserve gratitude have votes enough.—*San José News.*

Herb Hoover offers to work for one dollar a year, but maybe he won't have to put in a full year.—*Weston Leader.*

"There are musical notes which are inaudible to the human ear," says a scientist. We want more of this kind.—*Punch (London).*

The perfect flower of optimism is to rejoice in the fact that you could now get more for a dollar if you had one.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An evening paper asks, "What is the Dangerous Age?" Everything seems to point to the fact that it is from 0 onwards. —*Punch.*

Meanwhile the uproar continueth that (a) Prohibition doesn't exist, and (b) it must be abolished before it ruins the country.—*Dallas News.*

People are making no bones about going after business now, says a business leader. The "about" seems to be superfluous. —*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

The Democrats have more registered votes than ever before, but this does not mean victory. All it guarantees them is a bigger quarrel.—*San Diego Union.*

Any woman with a true aim makes her mark in this country, observes a woman columnist. Yes, but so often it is necessary to bury the target.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

All members of the German Reichstag stood and sang the American national anthem during a George Washington memorial service. No, no, boys, not another penny.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Might save many of those Mexicans a lot of trouble and quite a few of them their lives if they'd only arrange to have The Literary Digest attend to their balloting for them.—*New Orleans States.*

New York City is in a bad way financially, but should be able to find a road out. Maybe salaries could be stopt for a while. The office holders really don't need to draw salaries, too.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Inasmuch as one commission more or less means practically nothing to Mr. Hoover, we wish he'd appoint one to round up Jimmy Gerard's fifty-nine rulers of the United States, as named two and a half years ago, and ask them what the Sam Hill.—*Thomaston Times.*

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Hitler's Star Still in the Ascendent

WHETHER DESTINED TO REACH THE ZENITH of the troubled political skies above the German Republic, it is generally admitted that the big gain made by the Nazis in the German Diet elections proves that the star of Adolf Hitler, son of an obscure Austrian functionary, is still in the ascendent of its rise toward Fascism in Germany.

To pessimistic French editors the omen is most perturbing, and one noted French political writer, Pertinax, says in the *Echo de Paris* that while it is useless to speculate on the consequences of the election, "the fact remains that the Germany

A German Warning to Republicans

The Republic: "You mustn't go to bed yet, German Michel. The battle for life is still on."

—"Acht-Uhr-Abendblatt" (Berlin).

that was born at Weimar (the Republic) is disappearing a little more each day."

But some American correspondents in Berlin maintain that Prussia is still safe for democracy. This they contend despite the tremendous poll registered by the National-Socialist party on April 24 in their drive to control the Prussian Diet.

Altho Hitler's party rolled up more than 8,000,000 votes, John Elliott points out in a Berlin dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, and returned 162 deputies to the Diet as against the mere half-dozen they had in the former Chamber, the Fascists made their huge gains chiefly at the expense of the other Nationalist groups.

Consequently, he notes, the Harzburg bloc will have only 203 out of 422 seats—nine short of a majority. Provisional final returns of the Prussian Diet elections show:

Party	*Vote*	*Seats*	*Gain or Loss*
National Socialist	8,008,219	162	+156
Socialist	4,674,943	93	− 44
Catholic Center	3,374,413	67	− 4
Communist	2,819,602	57	+ 1
Nationalist	1,524,931	31	− 51
State	332,441	2	− 19
People's	330,807	7	− 33
Christian Socialist	255,068	2	+ 2
Economic	191,032	−	− 16
Agrarian	153,562	−	− 20
Hanoverian	63,803	1	− 4
Scattering	341,028	−	——
Total	22,069,849	422	

Thus, we are told, the Hitlerites and Dr. Alfred Hugenberg's Nationalists, together with the other groups of the Harzburg bloc, have mustered 203 deputies in the next Prussian Diet to 162 deputies of the Weimar coalition—Socialist, Center, and State parties

The Fascists made enormous gains in the elections to the Diets of four German States—Prussia, which comprises two-thirds of the Reich, Bavaria, Wurttemberg, and Hamburg.

In no State did the Nazis achieve a majority of the votes cast except in Anhalt, smallest of the German States, where they have shown a continuous accession of strength at every election since 1928. In Anhalt the Nazis returned 90,000 votes to the Socialists' 77,000, the next highest record.

Cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the German and French press reveal the Berlin *Kreuz Zeitung* as saying:

"The Prussian elections unequivocally reveal three things:

"1. The defeat of the present Government.

"2. The failure of the Nationalist opposition to secure an absolute majority.

"3. The significance of the German party system whereby only five parties have to be reckoned with—two Right Wing, two Left Wing, while the Catholics and middle hold the decisive, good position.

"The elections, however, have not decided which party or parties will govern Prussia. It would simplify the situation if the new Diet would reintroduce the old rule annulled by the former Diet under which the Prime Minister is elected by a plurality.

"In that case the election of a Right Wing Cabinet could not be prevented. The decision of this issue rests with the Communists, and comments in the Communist press indicate they are inclined to choose what they regard as the lesser evil and uphold the new rule, thus permitting the Braun Cabinet to stay in office."

OTHER cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST indicate the sharp variance of opinion among German editors in studying the Prussian situation. Thus, the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, a personal organ of Hitler, declares:

"The Socialists will now stretch out their arms to the Catholics, and promise everything in order to prevent being ousted. Hence, the Catholics are now standing politically misled.

"They can not prevent the formation of a Cabinet including Hitlerites and other Right Wing parties. However, they should realize that the negative opposition to the Socialist Catholic bloc is so strong it may be able to thwart any measure introduced by that bloc. This hint may suffice for the present."

On the other hand the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* asserts:

"It is not true that there is no majority in the new Diet. A coalition extending from the Catholics to the Nazis would have a greater majority than any government the Reich or Prussia has had since the revolution.

"A coalition including Catholics and Hitlerites alone would be a larger majority. The present Cabinet of Catholics also may choose to tolerate a Right Wing Cabinet, just as the Socialists are tolerating Bruening's Reich government."

The results really give the Republic more stability than before, in the judgment of the Berliner *Tageblatt*, which reasons optimistically:

"Since the Catholics now firmly hold the balance in Prussia, the Hitlerites must avoid offending them. Failing that, the Catholics could bar them from the government.

"Hence the Nazi offensive against Bruening is likely to lose much vigor. Thus, the elections, by making the Catholic party the arbiter of the situation, far from giving the Nazis their opportunity for ousting Bruening, actually strengthen the Chancellor."

Almost a chorus of dismay, however, is heard in cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the French press, starting with the semi-official Paris *Temps*, which observes:

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"It would be perfectly futile to attempt to deny the gravity of the situation created by the new racial outbursts not only in Prussia but in the other places where voting occurred Sunday, particularly in Austria where Hitlerism is a new phenomenon.

"This mysterious Hitlerism is a tidal wave rushing over a great country whose moral and political armor is cracking at all points.

"Those nations disposed to grant Germany certain claims at Lausanne should inquire which Germany will be satisfied by the new experience—Republican-Democratic Germany or the Germany of Hitler and the Hohenzollerns?"

A note of real panic is sounded by the Paris *Journal des Débats:*

"Hitler believes that France is veritably the single enemy of Germany, and that France must be crusht. We believe that all men of Europe really wanting peace and not the triumph of Pan-Germanism must open their eyes to the aims of Germany's policy."

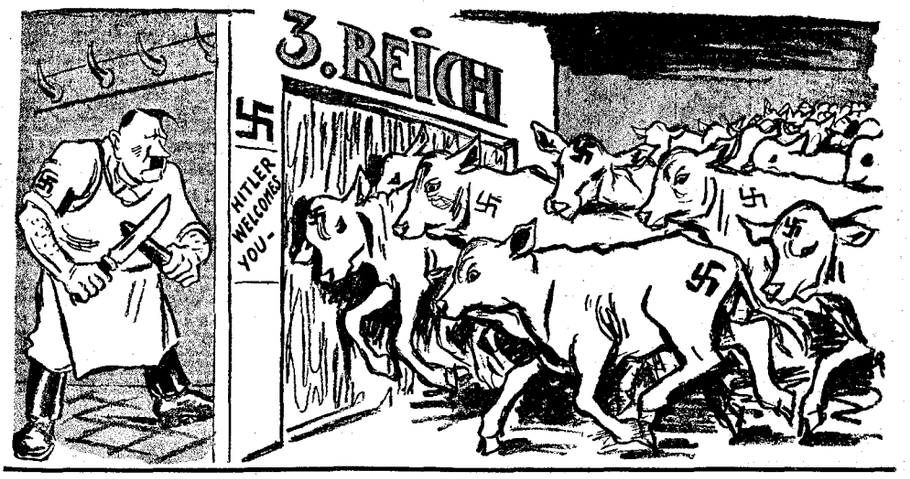
Similarly alarmed, the Paris *Liberté* deplores the past conciliatory policy of the French when it avers:

"The election shows us where we are only two years after the evacuation of Mayence. We were wrong to evacuate. Germany, now liberated from all restraint, feels that defeat is inconceivable, and she aspires to only one more thing—to free herself from the remaining treaties."

Meanwhile, Berlin Associated Press dispatches advise us that the new Prussian Diet will assemble on May 24, four days after the legal expiration of the present Parliament. A possibility is reported that Adolf Hitler's National-Socialist and the Catholic Centrist party might join hands to frame a new Prussian State Government, and we read:

"Once the Nazis began to participate in the Government, the Centrists argue, they would become more moderate and their political ascendency would be curbed because they would find it impossible to keep all the election promises they have made.

"If Herr Hitler, they say, the hero of the once ludicrous 'beer-cellar putsch' of a few years ago, should become the dominant figure in a coalition government, it would mark the high point of the Fascist movement he has developed from a joke to the greatest political power in the Reich."



A German Jab at Hitler

"Only the most stupid of cattle choose their own slaughterer!"
—"Ulk" (Berlin).

India's Released Gold Hoard

The recent huge export of gold from India is one of the most dramatic episodes in the world's economic history.

This flood of gold, among other things, relates Rene MacColl, special correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph* in India, has enabled sterling commitments in London to be easily met. We read then:

"For many decades India has steadily stored precious metals. She was the world's greatest absorbent of silver, and then of gold. Despairing of seeing the treasure emerge again, many economists called India 'the world's gold sink.' In enormous quantities—variously estimated at anything up to £763,000,000 worth—the precious metal was drawn in—and disappeared.

"Where was it going? It was being stored in cupboards, buried in gardens, put into holes in walls, jammed into hollow tree-trunks, hidden under stones. A certain amount was turned into plate dinner services. All classes, all kinds of people throughout the country, shared in this strange guardianship. The wealthier obtained gold bars; the poorer tiny golden ornaments.

"For months together the weekly export of gold has been between two and three times as much as the weekly output of the South African mines."

"Red" Massacre on the Dniester

The DAILY MASSACRE OF REFUGEES fleeing across the frozen river Dniester, from the misery and persecution of Soviet Russia, into Roumania, is under investigation by a mixed Russo-Roumanian Commission.

The Soviet Government officially denies the horrifying charges published in press dispatches from Vienna and from Bucharest. They allege that the outcry against the Soviet frontier guards is just one more form of attack by the capitalistic press on the Soviet Union.

But responsible correspondents in Roumania report that more than one thousand Moldavians—men, women, and children—have been killed by the Soviet frontier guards during the past three months. The last remaining class of peasant proprietors in the Ukraine, where they opposed collectivization, they were fleeing from the Soviet drive to send them into exile. "We wanted to escape," they say, "because we were not allowed to live."

An average of three killings a day is reported by the Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily Express* who sent a special envoy to Tigheina, Bessarabia, to make full inquiry on the spot.

Out of a total of 1,009 victims, he avers, 41 were children, 212 were women, and 756 men. For fourteen years, this *Daily Express* informant goes on to say, the Dniester has been the border between Bolshevism and Southeast Europe. Less than 200 yards wide, he notes, "the tragic river divides two worlds like an all but impenetrable wall separating civilization from barbarism." He continues:

"On one side of the border is the rich Ukraine countryside—part of the Bolshevik dominions. On the other is Bessarabia, which was Russian till 1918, and has been Roumanian ever since.

"This transferred province—Russia's Alsace-Lorraine—is responsible for the ugly feeling between the Soviets and Roumania.

"For fourteen years the frontier has been subject to martial law. The Czar's last ambassador in Bucharest has never been replaced. There is no recognition, no contact.

"Officially there is peace between Russia and Roumania, but every day the whir and rattle of machine-guns and the drooping flash of search-lights turning night into day—these speak of death.

"Hospitals for the casualties of this war-in-peace, with quarantine and concentration camps for escaped peasants, line the Roumanian shore."

For this frontier, the *Daily Express* correspondent points out, is the way of escape for Russians who dislike Soviet rule. In the summer refugees swim the Dniester. In winter they run the gantlet over the ice, and he proceeds:

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"Not daring to trust neighbors with their secret, they come singly or in family groups, but rarely in large parties.

"During anxious days and nights they lie concealed in the woods on the Russian bank, waiting for a favorable opportunity to make a dash for it over the melting ice.

"At this time of the year [winter] they pray for snow-storms, for dark nights, and rain, when the search-lights of watchful guards are blinded by mist.

"The guards, specially selected veterans of the Red Army, pitiless, unscrupulous men of steel, and bloodhounds, are trained to search for hiding families.

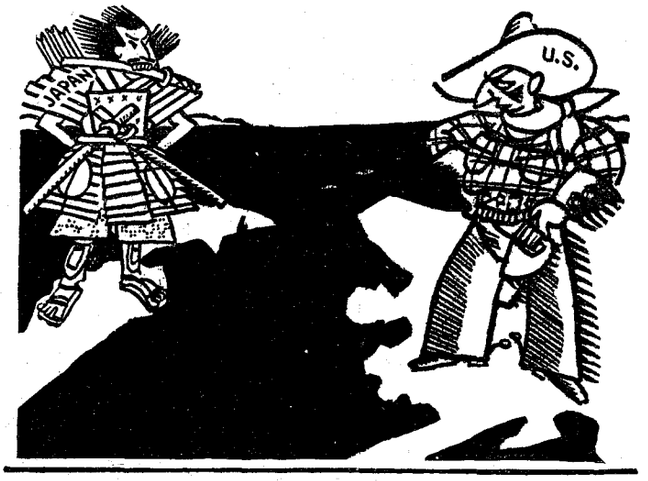
"When the hounds, which are kept hungry to make them keen, break the silence of some pitch-dark night, the Roumanian outposts grip their rifles in fear for fugitive peasants.

"Soon black figures, isolated in the glare of powerful search-lights, run out over the ice, then women and children pursued by bellowing dogs. Machine-guns rattle, and the black figures fall—some lying still, others painfully creeping with broken limbs toward the safety of the Roumanian shore.

"Children fall from the arms of wounded mothers and freeze to death.

"And when the machine-guns are silent lean wolves venture on the ice in search of human prey.

"Visit the hospitals of Tigheina, and you will hear cruel stories of tragedy, stories to freeze your bones."



A French Jibe

"How fortunate that the 'Pacific' Ocean lies between them!"
—"L'Oeuvre" (Paris).

When asked by the *Daily Express* representative why they risked their lives, victims in the hospitals invariably replied:

"We wanted freedom. We wanted to escape because we are not allowed to live.

"The Ukraine is not like the rest of Russia. Most of us were 'kulaks,' rich peasants with property—something the Bolsheviks could take away.

"We had no money and no food. Hundreds of thousands, millions, are suffering the same fate."

THE official and declamatory Soviet denial of these allegations appears in the Moscow *Izvestia*, organ of the Soviet Government. Yet this newspaper does not deny that there was some shooting of fugitives by Soviet frontier guards. Here is *Izvestia's* defense:

"This campaign of calumnies has been preceded by careful preparations on the part of the Roumanian Intelligence Service and 'Sicuranza' (the Roumanian Secret Police). These organizations sent over to our side scores of secret agents who carried on a vast propaganda campaign among the 'kulaks' of the autonomous Moldavian Soviet Republic.

"These agents painted life in feudalistic Roumania in the rosiest imaginable colors, and offered to organize the Moldavians for illegal crossing of the frontier. Of course their efforts met with no success among the proletarian elements of the autonomous Moldavian Republic. But they succeeded in persuading some kulaks to flee.

"In order to stir up the melancholy events on the Dniester, these agents gathered the kulaks from various villages in one particular place, so as to have them cross the frontier in groups. In the Olaneshti forest, for instance, they collected a number of men taken from three different villages. Moreover, the Roumanian organizers of this group fired shots at the Soviet guards when the guards tried to prevent the kulaks from crossing the river.

"The fact, that the anti-Soviet campaign, waged in the Roumanian press in connection with these events, has been immediately taken up by the interventionist organs of other countries, is proof that all this is a new international assault on the Soviet Union.

"It is not for nothing that frontier misunderstandings are being purposely brought about by these gentlemen. The anti-Soviet campaign with the Dniester misunderstandings as a pretext is a symptom of a rising anti-Soviet interventionist wave."

Japanese Call Us Meddlesome

AMERICANS ARE TOO EXCITABLE about things in other countries.

This sharp criticism of the United States is frequently seen in the Japanese press.

Yet, bad as it is that the people of the United States should get so worked up over matters that are not their business, say some Tokyo editors, it is much worse to have to keep in mind various instances when public feeling swayed the American Government "into meddling with the affairs of other countries." When they get excited, remarks the Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi*, the American people lose all sense of propriety, and it adds:

"Their attitude toward the question of peace is peculiar. Their strong views about justice and peace sometimes cause them to do things which lay them open to the charge that they are a warlike people."

But the most scathing indictment of what the Japanese describe as American "meddling" is drawn up by the Tokyo *Yorodzu*. Time was when the United States posed as the protector and guide of North and of South America, and it argues:

"When it participated in the World War, its influence extended to Europe. President Wilson was a leading figure at the Versailles Conference, and after the war America began to feel that it led the world.

"It was America that summoned the 'Big Five' to Washington, and played the leading rôle in the naval conference. It was America that interposed at that time between Japan and China, causing Japan to retrocede Shantung to China."

FOR many years, the *Yorodzu* goes on to say, the United States has been greatly interested in Oriental trade. It annexed Hawaii in 1898, and, later, the Philippines. Then, we are reminded, Secretary of State John Hay suddenly declared the Open Door and Equal Opportunity principle for China. This daily continues its charges:

"When the Chinese-Japanese war broke out, it was America that proposed to the belligerents a restriction of the sphere of hostilities. Secretary of State Philander C. Knox proposed neutralization of the South Manchuria Railway.

"Then came a period when America had the lion's share in the Chinese financing consortium, from which America withdrew at its own convenience. The United States, tho it has neither sufficient rights and interests nor right of voice in the affair of China, is always trying to participate in matters pertaining to China.

"In 1914, when Japan declared war against Germany, it again proposed that Japan restrict the sphere of hostilities around Tsingtao.

"The United States has thus not only persistently and brazenly taken part in Chinese affairs, but also has pretended to be China's highest guide. When the League of Nations, consisting of more than fifty nations, interferes in Chinese questions, the United States assumes a rival attitude, intimidating both the League and Japan, as was shown in the whole Manchurian incident, the Chinchow affair, and the Shanghai clash."

In dealing with countries adjoining its own territory, the *Yorodzu* alleges further, the United States has "resorted to unsavory measures for many years."

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"Grand Hotel" on the Screen

ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S "FEW TRULY GREAT productions" is "Grand Hotel."

So Al Sherman (*Morning Telegraph*) does not leave many competitors; and as far as Garbo is concerned, the general opinion is that no one, not even her previous self, competes with her.

This is extreme praise when one considers such associates in this piece as the two Barrymores, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Rafaela Ottiana, and others—"undoubtedly the most distinguished cast ever assembled for a single motion-picture production" (Martin Dickstein in the Brooklyn *Eagle*).

Who would see in the glamourous Greta Garbo of the gold-brown hair, face of a thousand mysteries, angular body, and long legs the woman of whom Edgar Wallace gave this little biography quoted in the London *Daily Mail*? It occurs in a letter written in Hollywood to his wife:

"*Tuesday, February 2d, 1932.*

"On Saturday night, I forgot to tell you, I met a Mrs. Glazier, who is a great friend of Greta Garbo's. Greta's reticence is no pose. She told me a lot about her. She was an assistant in a barber's shop—used to mix the lather—then went into a little hat shop, where Tiller, the producer, met her. He developed her into a Swedish success, and eventually brought her to Hollywood, where she was getting £15 a week."

WHO can tell what a salary she now commands?

Let a woman like Regina Crewe, motion-picture editor of the New York *American*, describe her in this picture:

"Garbo's greatest gift to her million movie fans lies in her mighty portrayal of *Grusinskaya*, the gay and tragic dancer who stept from the 'Grand Hotel' of the Astor screen last night into the hearts of an audience that stopt the picture to applaud great Greta's shadow.

"It seems, somehow, with Garbo, that her latest cinematic contribution is ever her greatest. But this time it is certain that her characterization will seem memorable in the to-morrows as it does with the spell of her personality still conjuring its charm.

"Spurred to new heights, perhaps by the splendid talents of her coplayers, Greta makes the transition from grave to gay, from despair to laughter, from desperation to hope and love and life, in a manner to mark her for a place apart from all the rest.

"Not only is she the brooding, tragic figure we know so well, but a laughing woman touched by love and beckoned from dark depths to the warmth and sunshine of fresh, new life.

"Tho Garbo's is the topmost triumph, 'Grand Hotel' is conspicuous among the pictures of all time for its wealth of fine histrionics. The finest talent in the world is lavished in each scene of the production, and each player in his part gives a portrayal brilliant as an exquisite jewel studding a priceless diadem."

AFTER more than a year in New York and on tour, the play scarcely needs description. Mr. Cohen compares:

"It is substantially the same as the play, but not meaning to be catty about it, one does get the feeling of a hotel from the screen that one didn't get from the stage. Quick cinematic shifts from one room to another, to corridors, to lobbies, offer a panoramic effect, an effect of completeness. And, after all, a hotel is the theme, the idea, and the meat of 'Grand Hotel.' Here the hotel is really dramatized pictorially—and quite brilliantly under the expert hand of Edmund Goulding.

"With all the names, 'Grand Hotel' is not the customary star fight. It represents beautifully orchestrated playing. There are five of the biggest names in films in it—one, the biggest, namely Mademoiselle Garbo—yet no rôle has been altered to any degree for the sake of spacing. All play rightly and truly, and if the stage cast had no stars, at least, the talkie is equally well played with a host of them. It is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on parade.

"Not in the history of films have so many and such great stars been placed within firing distance of one another in a dramatic production. Other films have made stars out of practically every member of their casts; but this one offers them ready made."

The Bottom of the Well

The hotel lobby runs up through many stories, and this is a bird's-eye view of the desk. This scene is rated one of the finest shots ever filmed.

Mr. Dickstein gives this summing up:

"Best Scene: The shots from the high balconade, looking down upon the bustling crowd in the lobby.

"Best Performances: Garbo and John Barrymore, by the slightest of margins.

"Photography: Well lighted; imaginative.

"Audience Reception: Enthusiastic applause at finish.

"Family Suitability: Never offensive.

"For Children: Mainly adult entertainment.

"General Rating: Excellent film transcription of a fine play, splendidly acted and intelligently directed."

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Shakespeare Out of Germany

THE GERMANS HAVE LONG PRIDED themselves on a deeper devotion to Shakespeare than is shown by the English.

This devotion will reap a strange reward if the suggestion of the English actor, Sir Nigel Playfair, is followed.

In spite of the new Shakespeare Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, no particular attention is paid to the plays of Avon's bard in London. And in order to keep his plays alive, Sir Nigel proposes to retranslate them from modern German versions.

This suggestion was made before the Congress of the National Union of Students at Oxford, where he said, as the Manchester *Guardian* reports, that "we are rapidly getting away from the Elizabethan age, and our young people do not understand what Shakespeare is saying. His language to them is as strange as Chaucer's." Also:

"Either you must produce Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists as they were written, and treat them as museum pieces, or you must rewrite them.

"It may be necessary to translate Shakespeare from the German versions of his plays. The reason why Shakespeare is so popular and successful in Germany is because he is more easily understood by Germans in the modern German into which he has been translated."

HE reminded his hearers that the Elizabethan dramas were to their time newspapers, novels, political meetings, and cinemas all combined. He argued:

"That is why, if we are honest, we find it difficult to sit through Elizabethan plays in spite of the genius of Shakespeare and Jonson. They are too distracting in their appeal, and their range is too vast for our minds to grasp.

"That probably is why we cramp them with our modern methods of shifting scenery and elaborate decorations. The modern producers of Shakespeare say to their audiences, 'Don't bother to listen too much; it will hurt you. We have fixt up something else to keep you amused.'

"If we do not do something about preserving the Elizabethan drama, it is bound to disappear. Unless it is attacked in some entirely new way and used for purposes of display, like a Cochran production, it will cease to exist. It will not be possible to find a paying public for Elizabethan drama produced as it was written except as a museum piece."

To bolster up his statement, Sir Nigel turns to present conditions in the English theater:

"Plays can not be commercially successful unless they can attract a large fashionable audience. That is the trouble in this country. If it is a necessary part of education that plays like Congreve's and Dryden's and Shakespeare's should be performed, it is necessary that there should be a subsidized national theater to do it. Without a national theater, these plays will be forgotten. Shakespeare certainly can not be given in this country, except meretriciously, without a subsidized theater.

"The Old Vic people will tell you that Shakespeare pays there merely because people go there. That is untrue. The Old Vic has been heavily subsidized by such institutions as the Carnegie Institution, and it is unfortunately true that Old Vic audiences are growing steadily less and less.

"The craze for Shakespeare is declining. If C. B. Cochran decided to produce Shakespeare, he would make it a success for a time, but he would be the first to confess that it would be necessary for him to give it in some exciting form.

"I tremble for the future of the new Stratford-on-Avon Theater. There is something definitely wrong in the way that Shakespeare is to be produced there. We are suffering very much from not having taken the theater seriously in this country.

"That is why we have lost hold of this great theatrical industry in the films, that is why America and France are beating us, that is the reason why the industry is in the hands of people so ignorant of the very elements of the drama that they produce these appalling films we see to-day."

Anxious, She Leaves the Hotel for the Train

Not knowing what all the others know—that her lover lies dead in a room above. Greta Garbo appeals to the Hotel Manager (Frank Conroy). At her right Ferdinand Gottschalk. See article on page 15.

The Cover

"I ASSIST my husband in his portrait and mural work, manage to mother seven children, and paint a bit too."

This sentence we quoted in our issue for May 24, 1930, when another of Mr. Ortlip's pictures was reproduced, and it seems to give the whole story of our cover picture to-day.

H. Willard Ortlip has "always been a specially felicitous painter of children and young people," says the New York *Evening Post*, and this charming group verifies the comment.

Mr. Ortlip was a pupil of William M. Chase, Sargeant Kendall, and Henry McCarter. A mural work featuring historic incidents is in the Huntington Hotel, Long Island.

Two Winners

WHEN he was awarded a Nobel prize, Professor Wagner-Jauregg stood dumfounded, according to the Leipziger *Neueste Nachrichten:*

"'I read,' he told a friend, 'that Grazia Deledda was also a Nobel prize winner. So I went into a book-shop and asked for the works of Grazia Deledda.

"'There were none in stock.

"'I went into another book-shop. They had nothing by Grazia Deledda. In a third book-shop I could get none of her books.

"'Then I considered that Grazia Deledda might possibly run from one book-shop in Rome to another and ask vainly for a book by me—Wagner-Jauregg. In no Roman book-shop would it be possible to buy a book by Wagner-Jauregg!

"'This was a great consolation.'"

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The Slump in Slump Relief

"WELL, THIS IS THE LAST," said Mrs. Smith, as she passed a thin slice of unbuttered bread to Mr. Smith.

"I don't know what we are going to do," he replied grimly. "They turned over a hundred of us away down at the bureau this morning. Said they didn't have any more money. And I picked up a paper and saw where it was the same all over the country."

"And they say it'll be worse next winter," said Mrs. Smith, as she swept up the crums from her plate.

It's in the papers, all right. A crisis in unemployment relief in the United States is imminent, according to studies announced by *The Survey*, organ of the social service profession, and *The Business Week*, published by the McGraw-Hill Company.

The unemployment situation in New York is more critical now than at any time during the depression, says William H. Matthews, director of the Emergency Work and Relief Bureau, and it is announced that the Relief Bureau has had to turn away new applicants for help, since April 9, at the rate of seven hundred families a day.

It's just as bad elsewhere, if not worse.

From the officials of welfare and social-service organizations in thirty-seven cities *The Survey* has received reports that "make a sorry picture for a proud country to contemplate."

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"Every place they say the same—'Come back in two or three months and we might have a job for you.'"

PRACTICALLY all the letters tell the same story, say the editors. "Without plans, without strong national leadership, with meager and uncertain funds, these cities have some way, somehow, muddled through the winter, keeping their people alive, but at what cost of broken spirit and human suffering, only God knows." Here is *The Survey's* picture:

"Still planless, with no sign of improved employment, with relief needs growing and relief funds dwindling to exhaustion, they turn blind eyes to the future where already the specter of another winter is rising.

"The huge relief funds raised in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia have been unequal to the staggering load in these centers of industrial dislocation.

"Complete breakdown is imminent. The fallacy of the idea that private funds could cope with a situation of such proportions as this one is remorselessly exposed. Private funds have been little more than a thin emollient on a deep wound.

"More disturbing than the evidence of past muddling is the lack of evidence of any real statesmanship for the future. No rational adult can be blind to what lies ahead. The summer will bring little surcease in human need. Next winter will be worse, not better.

"Yet Congress is deaf, legislatures are adjourning, cities and counties are temporizing with pinchbeck appropriations, and private social agencies are in positions they can not sustain. There is no evidence of any real facing of what is on the doorstep, let alone any preparation to deal with it."

That a relief crisis is approaching, in fact, is only a few weeks away in some cities, is the opinion of *The Business Week*, too. "Private agencies and local governments, which have carried most of the burden so far," we are told, "have about reached the end of their resources, and must have help if complete breakdown of relief is to be avoided. This means additional aid from States and from the Federal Government, according to the opinion of best-informed relief experts."

PEOPLE have given "till it hurt," and it is evident to *The Business Week* that private charity is passing out of the picture, and that local governments have few resources left with which to increase or even maintain present relief activities. In fact, "States are using income taxes, diverted gasoline taxes, various nuisance taxes, such as Ohio's utility excise tax, to raise relief funds." Local governments, straining to the utmost, encounter increasing opposition from taxpayers to further use of funds for relief.

"There appears to be growing opinion that the relief burden should be lightened on property and transferred to income so that a greater share of it will be carried by those best able to do so," says this business magazine.

"For States without income taxes this means Federal aid, and in this direction an increasing number of States and municipalities are looking. They have carried on for two and one-half years against hopeless odds, and are getting thoroughly discouraged."

BUT, on looking through the letters received by *The Survey*, the New York *Times* finds that "one of the most striking things about these expert analyses is the wide-spread disinclination to invoke direct Federal aid. The great majority are apparently still content to fend for themselves, with such help as their respective States can afford. Self-reliance is still strong with them, reinforced by the knowledge that even the funds in the Federal Treasury are not inexhaustible."

Nor does *The Times* think that the letters make such a sorry picture for the country to contemplate. Rather,

"Some readers might gather a different impression—might, in fact, think that as a whole they present a very wonderful and even inspiring picture of the way in which communities throughout the land have turned quietly to the business of extending each man to his neighbor and each city to the men and women within its gates the help needed to carry them through."

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"Demagogy" in the Pulpit

MORE THAN ONE PAIR OF EARS may have burned when Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, and dean of the Catholic hierarchy in America, recently denounced "demagogic utterances to the poor" in the pulpit.

Tho he didn't mention him by name, Cardinal O'Connell is generally thought to have meant his stern rebuke for the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, pastor of the Shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak, Michigan.

International

"The Individual in Michigan"?

The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, for whom Cardinal O'Connell's rebuke is believed to be meant. His blasting broadcasts against many things have been heard by millions.

Father Coughlin, radio listeners will recall, has been attacking the rich, blasting the banking interests, damning mass production, denouncing what he has called economic misrule by the wealthy, and hurling anathemas at other odds and ends usually found on the general notions counter of the critic. The Michigan priest is on vacation, and was reported to be somewhere on the high seas between New York and California at the time of the Cardinal's address. He has been criticized before for his broadcasts, but this is the first time, we are told, that a ranking member of his own Church has cudgeled him with the weapon of his own choosing.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL was speaking at the communion breakfast in Boston of the Guild of St. Appollonia, composed of Catholic dentists, when he put Father Coughlin "in his place."

"We do not like to hear hysterical addresses from ecclesiastics," Cardinal O'Connell said, as the press quotes him. "They have a way of attracting attention they do not deserve. The Catholic Church," he went on, "is a tremendously serious organization":

"It deals in human souls. You can't begin speaking about the rich or making sensational accusations against banks and bankers or uttering demagogic stuff to the poor.

"You can't do it, for the Church is for all.

"When a parish priest tries to direct the affairs of a neighboring parish, he is very soon called to order by the Bishop.

"But the radio, it is new, and has brought new problems. Now, individual priests try to speak to the whole world. That is all wrong. Let him speak to his own parish, his own people.

"The individual in Michigan takes it into his head to talk to the whole world. To whom is he responsible? Some people prefer to talk rhetoric instead of facts. But we of the Church are careful about that.

"This Sunday afternoon radio address has been stopt for the season. I am glad, for it was going a little too far. While we believe in free speech, you do not have to be told that the priest has his place, and he had better stay there. Better for him, and better for the world at large.

"I am saying this in perfect charity. Still, we vouch for only two programs, and no others.

"We are working for mankind and the Church, and we can not allow any one to help themselves at the expense of one or the other.

"This popularity is like the bouquet thrown to the operasinger—sometimes it hits her on the head. They cry hosannas to-day and crucify you to-morrow. The Church does not take sides, rich or poor, Republican or Democrat."

FATHER COUGHLIN'S parish is in the center of the automobile manufacturing district, just outside of Detroit. His broadcasting, started in October, 1926, we read, was the accidental result of a temporary financial dilemma in his parish. Such success met his first radio appeal that he has used the radio ever since, and it was estimated that during last season 45,000,000 people tuned in on his Sunday-afternoon broadcasts over his own network of twenty stations, from Minnesota and Missouri in the West to the Atlantic seaboard.

Acme

"The Church Is for All"

And is not the place for "uttering demagogic stuff to the poor," says Cardinal O'Connell in a widely-quoted denunciation of "hysterical addresses from ecclesiastics."

In an address over the Columbia Broadcasting System in January, 1931, says a United Press dispatch, Father Coughlin attributed unemployment to uncurtailed mass production, the exportation of American gold to build up foreign enterprises, and to the Versailles Peace Treaty. "Since 1919," he said, "we have been led to believe that the Versailles Treaty made peace, whereas it has done little more than to perpetuate hostility."

Father Coughlin, we read, has been critical of the Hoover Administration, alleging that it aided bankers and not the unemployed. Not long ago he went to Washington and made a stirring appeal for payment of the bonus to service men. He has also attacked birth control and Prohibition.

New Orleans Lectures Reno

RENO is reported sadly disappointed in its profit from gambling.

The depression has hit the slot-machines and other games of chance permitted under the law. Where the city had 600 games in operation last June, we read, only about half that number are running now, and suckers are said to be scarce.

"If Reno is disappointed in its pickings, the country at large," comments the New Orleans *Item*, "is disappointed in Reno." New Orleans is not exactly "tight," and, says *The Item:*

"In boom times, there is some excuse for a city or county administration bidding for easy money at the expense of repudiating what the rest of the country has long accepted as basic law.

"The excuse then is that the wasters would spend their money foolishly somewhere, and 'we might as well get it.' When a national emergency such as the present economic unpleasantness arises, however, a rather more heroic spirit may properly be expected from our municipalities.

"It is far from being a credit to Reno that while other communities, large and small, are straining every nerve to relieve acute distress among the unemployed, while they are mortgaging their future revenues in the name of humanity, and doing it cheerfully, Reno sits pouting at the edge of the desert because profligacy, debauchery, and irresponsible frivolity have gone for a season or two out of fashion."

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Einstein Rejects Curved Space

EINSTEIN'S ORIGINAL IDEA that space is curved, returning upon itself, and hence of finite, tho huge dimensions, has now been abandoned by him, we are told in an article prepared for the press by Science Service (Washington).

The old-fashioned infinite space of our boyhood, in which light moves in straight lines and goes on forever, is probably the true one, the German philosopher now believes.

This change is apparently the result of recent joint investigation by Professor Einstein and Prof. Willem de Sitter, the Dutch astronomer, who have been working together for some time at Pasadena, California. We read:

International

"Prof. Albert Einstein, father of relativity, says that space may be, and probably is, the sort of uncurved, three-dimensional space that Euclid imagined and countless generations of schoolboys have learned. Altho Professor Einstein in a sense scraps the less familiar and more complicated brands of space-time that he has been using, this does not affect the validity of relativity, which has been at the foundation of so much scientific thinking for the past two decades.

"Prof. Willem de Sitter, Dutch astronomer, who had built his own shape of universe on Einsteinian foundations, joins with Professor Einstein in espousing space which is on the average Euclidean. These two eminent astrophysicists conceived the new kind of universe when working together recently at Mount Wilson Observatory, and their joint announcement was made to the world through the medium of *The Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, just issued. Professor Einstein has now returned to his home in Germany, while Professor de Sitter is traveling in South America.

"This joint announcement, that is sure to cause a furor in the world of science, means that the universe around us may be not only unbounded but infinite, instead of finite and unbounded, as Einstein and his followers have previously believed.

"In the Euclidean universe now reenthroned, light travels in straight lines and goes on and on forever and ever. A ray of light would not traverse the circuit of the universe and come back to where it started as it would in the superseded Einstein and other varieties of space. Curvature of space is on the average banished from the universe.

"'We must conclude that at the present time it is possible to represent the facts without assuming a curvature of three-dimensional space,' Professors Einstein and de Sitter say in their report.

"Two important developments made Einstein and de Sitter change their universes. One of these was the piling up of evidence at Mount Wilson Observatory at Pasadena, California, by Dr. Edwin P. Hubble and others that the shift toward the red of spectrum lines in light from far distant nebulæ is evidence that the universe is expanding at a terrific rate, as high as 15,000 miles per second, and that the farther away the nebula the faster the recession.

"The other factor was the demonstration by Dr. Otto Heckmann, *privat-dozent* in astronomy at the University of Goettingen, Germany, that an expanding universe can have matter throughout it and still be Euclidean. When Einstein built his first universe, he did not dream of an expanding space. He thought it static and constant in size, and found himself forced to make space curved to fit this idea. This gave his famous finite but unbounded universe which, upon Dr. Heckmann's suggestion, he and de Sitter now revise.

"Into the equations of Einstein relativity which have stood the test of time, Professors Einstein and de Sitter, following Heckmann's lead, have inserted both Euclidean space and the recessional velocity of the nebulæ indicated by the expanding universe idea and the Mount Wilson measurements of red shift in light from the nebulæ. The scientists were then able to compute the density of matter in the universe, and found that it compares favorably with the ideas that are current as to how matter is spread throughout space on the average."

It is almost impossible to imagine, we are told, how thinly spread is the matter in the universe. One pound of matter spread throughout a sphere sixteen times the diameter of the earth would give this extremely small density. And as the universe is expanding at a superterrific rate at extreme distances outward, always getting larger, as it were, the density of the matter in the universe must be getting less and less. We read further:

"The revision of the geometry of the universe by Professors Einstein and de Sitter does not appreciably alter the geometry of the galaxy of stars in which we live. Consequently it leaves unaltered the theoretical predications originally made by Einstein which so triumphantly vindicated his theory. These are: the wriggling of the orbit of the planet Mercury, the red-shift of the spectral lines in the sun and companion of Sirius, and the bending of light-rays about the sun, which is merely the Euclidean interpretation of a Riemann straight line. A straight line in Riemann curved space is curved when interpreted in Euclidean space. The geometry of an Einstein universe is based on the assumption that light travels in straight lines."

More About Tung Oil

THE article about tung oil quoted recently in THE DIGEST has brought letters from correspondents in the South, who say that the yield of the oil from American trees is exceeding all expectations.

Bailey F. Williamson, known as "the father of the tung-oil industry," is thus quoted in *The Daily Sun* (Gainesville, Fla.):

"Many years ago, I stated my belief that we could produce 1,000 pounds of oil per acre. Now it is clearly proven that the original estimate was extremely conservative, for a grove planted thick will exceed 1,200 pounds. There should be a material increase from now on per annum in the yield of these trees."

The Asheville (N. C.) *Citizen* suggests that tung-oil production may become a Gulf Coast region industry in a class with sugar-cane, cotton, and corn. Says *The Citizen:*

"Here is the opportunity for developing a new industry to diversify the agricultural interests of the South. With our resources there is no reason to cling to one-crop production.

"Tung oil is used chiefly in the manufacture of varnish and varnish paints. Also it is used in making insulating compounds, as an ingredient in automobile brake linings, in gaskets for steam pipes, in linoleum and table oilcloth, for waterproof fabric, paper and cartridges, as a binder for wall-board and plastic synthetic lumber, as well as lacquers, primers, synthetic resins, battery air compounds, and airplane tubing fillers. It is also an important ingredient in quick-drying varnishes."

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Hot Ice Under High Pressure

THE QUEER PERFORMANCES of well-known substances at very high pressures are detailed in an article in *The Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc. (Cambridge, Mass.).

Solid water or "ice" at a temperature of 180 degrees Fahrenheit is only one of the marvels.

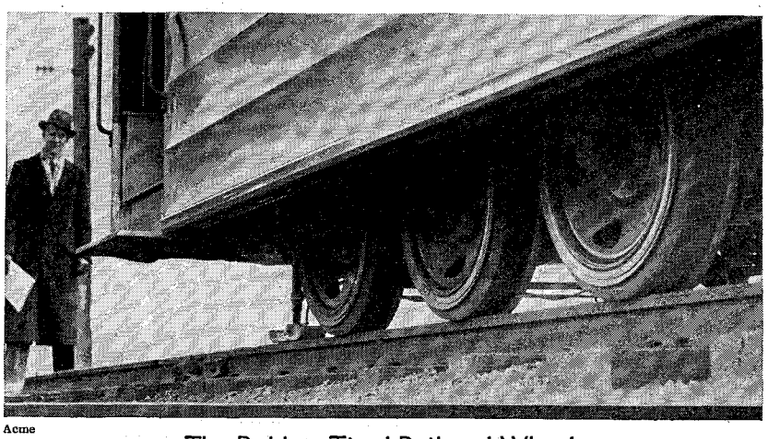
Some others are metals that can be pinched like wax, and glass that behaves normally for weeks after compression, and then suddenly explodes into powder.

Industrial applications are suggested, but none has yet materialized. We read:

"Great control can be exercised over the properties of many materials by varying pressure; vacuum treatment is now common, especially as an aid in the distillation of liquids, and the effects of high pressures, altho less known and less utilized, are possibly no less important. Some years ago, Prof. P. W. Bridgman, of Harvard University, chose to use extremely high pressures as a tool for studying the properties of matter.

"To use his own words: 'The method of producing pressures is simple. Take a large, thick block of steel, bore a hole in it and put liquid into the hole. Then put into the top of the hole a plug which will not leak, and push on the plug.'

"Pressures up to 200,000 pounds per square inch may be employed daily without the (specially designed) apparatus showing any deterioration. Pressures up to 300,000 pounds per square inch can be measured with some precision, and, in a few cases, pressures up to 600,000 pounds have been reached. Naturally, some pieces of apparatus must be set up behind boiler-plate, to protect the operators, for these pressures are from ten to twenty times those in long-range heavy guns."



Acme

The Rubber-Tired Railroad Wheels

The car is built of stainless-steel; is silent; and carries forty passengers. Because of its light weight, either gasoline or electric motor may be used. Specially designed tires, carrying 85 pounds of air, provide the utmost in riding comfort, and in case of necessity, all tires may be deflated and the rims used as wheels. Intentionally built for branch-line service, the car is capable of forty-five to sixty miles an hour.

MANY of the properties of matter change remarkably under high pressures, we are reminded. Gases compress to the density of liquids, liquids increase as much as 20 or even 30 per cent. in density, and solids compress very noticeably. The electrical resistance of most metals decreases as they are comprest. Hydrogen gas can be forced into the body of thick iron at 150,000-pounds pressure, and at 100,000 pounds metallic mercury penetrates steel. Phosphorus changes to a form which looks like graphite, and which conducts electricity. To quote further:

"At high pressures, boiling points go up tremendously, and freezing points rise. At 176,000 pounds per square inch, mercury, which normally freezes at 40 degrees below zero, is solid at room temperature.

"Water, as it frequently does in other ways, acts abnormally under high pressures. Ordinary ice, for instance, breaks the general rule and melts at lower and lower temperatures as the pressure is increased, until at 30,000-pounds pressure, it melts at about 4 degrees below zero. As the pressure is increased beyond this point, ordinary ice is no longer stable, and four other denser forms occur, which are stable up to successively higher and higher temperatures as the pressure increases. At 300,000-pounds pressure, water is solid up to about 180 degrees Fahrenheit. Ice at this temperature could burn one severely. (The highest pressure which can be produced by water as it freezes in a confined space is 30,000 pounds per square inch.)

"When a metal bar is surrounded at its middle by a cylinder, and high pressure is applied to this cylinder, the bar may 'pinch off' as tho it were wax, and the two ends be sent sidewise with great velocity. Rubber becomes firmer and firmer the greater the pressure. Glass cylinders stand immense external pressures, without marked deformation, but sometimes blow up, days or weeks afterward, to the finest powder.

"Up to the present time, extreme high pressures have been used almost entirely for physical investigation. No one can yet guess what the possible commercial applications are. Pressure-treatment of metals may become as important as heat-treatment. High pressure has been suggested for milk-sterilization, for the coagulation of egg-white and meat-protein, and even diamond manufacture has been speculated upon. It is one of the still untried fields for those with courage enough to risk the danger for the results."

American Rubber-Tired Rail-Car

THE FRENCH RAIL-CAR with rubber-tired wheels has been recently improved upon in this country, asserts a writer in *The Business Week* (New York).

It is "air-conditioned," cheaply operated, and noiseless. Trolley-cars could be run on the same principle, engineers believe. We read:

"American engineers have perfected the original French rubber-tired rail-car to the point where it meets American standards of safety, and merits the considerable interest shown by American railroaders anxious to regain branch-line traffic.

"The car is constructed almost entirely from high-tensile strength stainless steel about the thickness of a playing-card. It is rolled into special shapes and joined by electric welding. The frame of the car-truck can be carried by one man. The main supporting beams for the standard forty-passenger car, while 23 inches wide, weigh only 120 pounds. Even floor and roof are stainless steel, cheaper here than ply-wood.

"The lightest available standard two-passenger car-seats weigh 85 pounds. The new type weighs 35 pounds. The entire forty-passenger car, including gasoline-motor, weighs only 13,500 pounds, or less than 340 pounds per passenger, compared with over 1,000 pounds per passenger for standard railway-cars, and approximately 5,000 pounds for Pullmans.

"Operating cost including crew would average 15 to 25 cents per mile compared with 75 cents to $1.25 for regular branch-line operation. Thus at no extra cost railroads can restore frequent service on branch-lines, may establish low excursion rates to lure back passenger traffic.

"They will have other attractions to advertise. The pneumatic tire eliminates track jolts and noises, increases the comfort of rail-travel. Safety tests have met questions raised by the automobile driver: What happens in case of a blowout or puncture? How can you stop a rubber tire on slick steel without skidding, especially if the rail is wet?

"The car has twelve wheels; three on each side, front and back. Side-flanges keep the tire on the track. Inside the casings are ridges, which, in case of puncture to the air-tube, bear upon each other and prevent the tire being cut to pieces before it can be changed. Mounted in threes, inflated tires remaining help take the load off the cripple. As to braking: The first tire in each set of three acts as a wiper which gives the following treads clean surfaces to take hold of.

"The car is 'air-conditioned.' Street-railway engineers believe trolley-cars could use the new design; would cost less to operate while meeting the demand for less noise."

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The peace that pennies buy

EACH DAY, after breakfast, you bid good-bye to your husband and he is gone. Miles of distance and hours of traveling may separate him from you, yet you do not fear. You have no feeling of his being far away — no sense of loneliness or isolation. For there, within reach of your hand, is your contact with all the world — the guardian of your home . . . your telephone.

All you see is the telephone instrument itself and a few feet of wire. Through the familiarity of use, you are likely to take it for granted in much the same manner as air and water and sunshine. Rarely do you think of the complicated exchanges, the almost endless stretches of wire and the hundreds of thousands of trained employees that are needed to interconnect, through the Bell System, nearly twenty million telephones in this country and twelve million in foreign lands. No matter where you are you can command the full use of the telephone. It knows no class or creed. There is no distinction of position. All may share it equally.

Every time you lift the receiver you employ some part of the nation-wide Bell System. Yet the charge for residential use is but a few cents a day. For this small sum you receive a service that is almost limitless in convenience and achievement — so indispensable in emergencies that its value cannot be measured in terms of money.

Thinking of the peace and security it brings each home — of hurried calls to doctors and hospitals — of priceless, necessary talks with relatives and friends — of the many ways it saves you steps and time and trouble throughout the month, you will know why so many millions of people look on the telephone as a member of the family.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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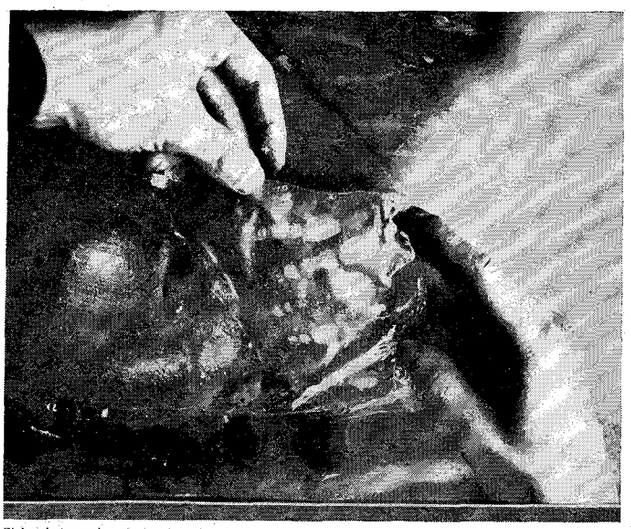

Globe photograph

"No Detail Is Lost; It Is All There"

The new method does away with the camera. The finger-prints simply peel off on the film, and can be carried around like paper.

A New Finger-Print Method

A REVOLUTIONARY METHOD OF REPRODUCING finger-prints direct, without the aid of photography, has just been made public by Dr. Leung, assistant director of the technical laboratories of the Lyons (France) police department.

Those who are familiar with present methods of photographing finger-prints for comparison purposes will appreciate this new procedure which eliminates the photographer, the camera, and the lens. Says Count A. N. Mirzaoff, writing in *Everyday Science and Mechanics* (New York):

"The methods at present used throughout the world are as old as the science of finger-print detection itself; but Dr. Leung feels that his system, because of its simplicity, will be adopted by the police departments of the world.

"Finger-printing procedure, at present, is a complicated affair. Dr. Edmond Locard, one of the foremost criminologists of the world, in his treatise on the detection of crime, mentions about a dozen ways of transferring finger-prints. However, the method generally uses paper, covered with a specially prepared gelatin solution, and carefully placed over the finger- or hand-prints left by the criminal.

"A photograph of this is then made by the department's photographer and, after careful development, turned over to the expert for study and research.

"The invention of Dr. Leung completely revolutionizes this work. His method is more rapid and obtains a more perfect print than any other in use up to the present time.

"Dr. Leung claims that much of the fine detail in the finger-print is lost by the old method because, first, the print is transferred to paper; then the paper with the print is photographed; then a photograph is made from the negative. In every operation some detail is lost. With his procedure, no detail whatsoever is lost; it is all there.

"His invention consists of a mixture which has a base of collodion, amylacetate, acetone, and ether.

"This solution is kept in a bottle, and is always ready for use; it is applied in this fashion:

"The detective begins by first dusting the object on which finger-prints are found, with 'animal black.' Over this is then poured some of the mixture which, in a few seconds, forms a thin film, transparent as glass.

"This film can be lifted very easily off the object on which it is deposited; and on it is found the reproduction of the finger-print, with every detail faithfully recorded.

"There is no necessity then for making photographs, since the film can be carried about like a piece of paper. The traces of the finger-prints can be studied from both sides of the film because of its transparent qualities.

"Dr. Leung's system is to be adopted by every police department in France.

"It is economical; it is trustworthy; it is accurate and dependable. A bottle replaces three photographers."

Sleuthing Smoke to Its Source

THE EXPLOITS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES with cigar ashes, or the recent real achievements of Dr. Edmond Locard of Lyons, France, in identifying unknown individuals by dust that is found in their clothing, or that is deposited in watches which they had been carrying, are recalled by the new methods of identifying tiny, invisible smoke particles in New York City air.

These were described to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers recently by Dr. E. E. Free of New York University. To quote a press bulletin issued by the Institute:

"By a special instrument several hundred typical smoke particles from the air of a given locality are collected on a small glass plate and examined under a powerful microscope. Similar samples are taken from near-by chimneys or other possible sources of smoke or dust.

"There are usually found in these known smoke samples particles which can be identified, just as Sherlock Holmes identified cigar ashes, or Dr. Locard identified a violinist by particles of rosin in his watch.

"In rush-hour smoke, for example, from the Fifty-ninth Street Power House of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, Dr. Free and his associates have identified two special kinds of particles; some small spheres of fused ash and some long sliver-like particles, the exact nature of which is still unknown.

"By counting the decreasing numbers of such identifiable particles at different distances from any chimney the percentage contribution of that chimney to the general smoke of the city can be estimated.

"Results that have already been obtained by this method confirm, Dr. Free stated, the conclusion already reached from statistics of coal burned and from other smoke studies, that more than nine-tenths of the smoke particles now found in New York City air come from relatively small fires in homes, apartment-houses, and small office buildings, not from large factories or power plants.

"The New York City Health Department was congratulated by Dr. Free on the success of its efforts in reducing smoke from large sources, but he does not believe that further legal regulation or inspection would be of much additional help to the city as a whole.

"This is because the remaining smoke comes mostly from the small fires which are difficult to inspect, and which are so small that an individual chimney seldom emits dense smoke, altho the millions of these small chimneys emit continually uncountable billions of invisible particles.

"Neither rain nor snow is effective in removing these particles, the chief natural agent for getting rid of them being dispersal by wind.

"Until the public is willing to adopt smokeless fuels exclusively for use in cities, Dr. Free sees public education as the only practicable means of further smoke reduction.

"Every janitor or householder is urged to be careful to supply plenty of air to a coal or oil fire so that as few smoke particles as possible will be thrown out."

Globe photograph

Finger-Prints on a Desk

Brought out by dusting with aluminum dust applied with a camel's-hair brush. "Over this is then poured some of the mixture which, in a few seconds, forms a thin film, transparent as glass. This film can be lifted very easily off the object on which it is deposited; and on it is found the reproduction of the finger-print, with every detail faithfully recorded."

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HER VERY FIRST RIDE!

IN THE next few years, everything in this young lady's life will be an event. First tooth. First Christmas. First step. First birthday. All will be celebrated with the homage due a duchess. Even now she is taking her very first ride . . . a short journey in the hospital elevator. Mighty precious cargo . . . *must* be handled with care!

Be assured this elevator will do its part in adding to the comfort of this child and her mother while they're in the hospital. Its doors will open and close softly. It will start and stop gradually, free from unpleasant sensations. Its movement, though fast, will be almost unnoticeable. It will always stop level with the floor.

It's a truly modern conveyance . . . this elevator . . . and a credit to its maker, Otis Elevator Company. Its motor, its attractive car, the devices which make it move smoothly, swiftly, silently . . . all these were perfected by Otis engineers and represent years and years of good hard work.

You can have the convenience of a fine elevator in your own apartment or office building, for Otis has perfected modern elevator transportation for every variety of need — the automatic elevator for the smaller apartment, the automatic collective control system for the larger one, the signal control elevator for the office building, and so on.

If you feel your elevators are not giving the service they should and that the system needs modernization, suggest to your building owner that he investigate the Otis Modernization Plan. The Otis office in your city will be glad to explain to him how elevators can be modernized at low cost.

OTIS

ELEVATOR COMPANY

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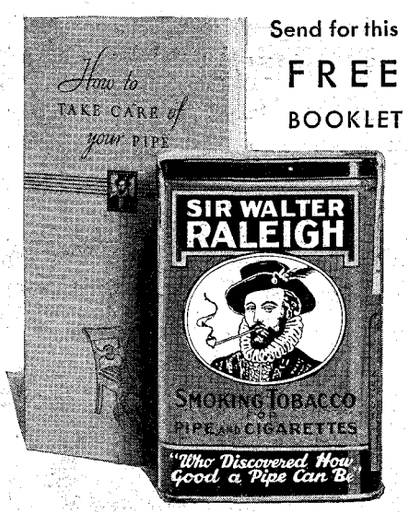
Have you a human ostrich in your home?

A HUMAN ostrich is a man who smokes an odoriferous crankcase he calls a pipe. Oddly enough, such men go through life thinking no one gets the deadly vapor of their facial volcanoes.

If you know any human ostriches, put them wise to the *mild* tobacco that has stepped into the front rank in three years.

It's called Sir Walter Raleigh, and it's worthy of the noblest name in tobacco history. It's a marvelous blend of Kentucky Burleys. It behaves so well in a good pipe that experienced smokers are turning to it by thousands.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. D25



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It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Starring a Star at Chicago's Cubistic World's Fair

THE "glorified gas-tanks" and "metallic monstrosities" of Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition next year will not be opened with any Presidential button push.

"Nothing doing!" exclaims Chicago in effect, but in slightly more elegant terms. "The President may be a star performer at button-pushing ceremonies, but we can get a real star to do the job for us."

A merely human pressure on the button that opens the 1933 world's fair would be too tame, too prosaic for the first exposition to go in for ultra-modernistic architecture in a big way, earning the above unkind epithets from the more traditional minded, who recall the classic lines of Chicago's 1893 celebration.

"And anyway," as one Chicagoan explained to a writer for the Baltimore *Sun* Magazine, "we don't know yet who'll be President in the spring of 1933."

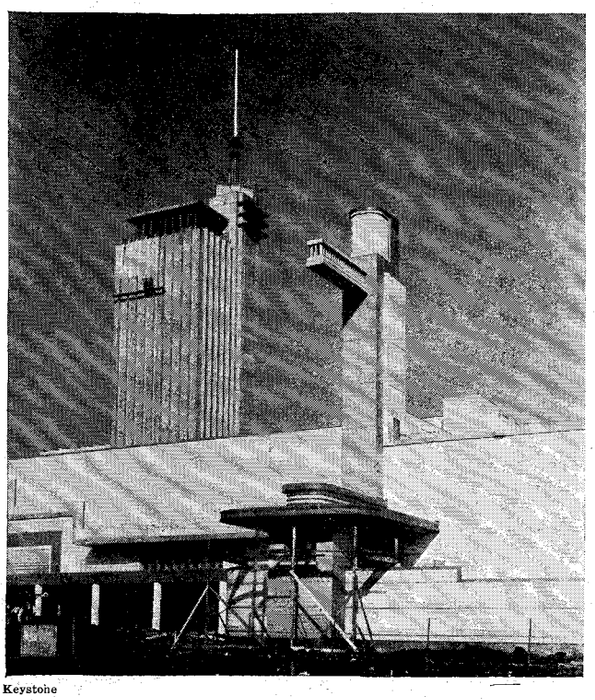
So, we read in the *Sun* Magazine, "nothing less than the light of a star will provide the impetus for the official opening; furthermore, the light will come from a star forty light-years—some 240 trillion miles—distant. The star is known to astronomers as Arcturus, and was selected because the light which will arrive in Chicago in 1933 left the star in 1893, when the city was reveling in its Columbian Exposition. The light will fall through the lenses of a powerful telescope in the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, where it will be focused on a photoelectric cell. From the cell an electric impulse will be sent to Chicago, where it will turn on the lights and start things moving."

AND all we can say to that is that we hope there'll be some one on hand to give the button a push if anything interferes with that ray of starlight.

Be that as it may, however, here is tradition breaking "as is" tradition breaking. But that is not all. This exposition, which celebrates the hundredth anniversary of Chicago's incorporation, and pays honor to the scientific and mechanical progress made in that century, will go even farther in establishing marks for future world's fairs to shoot at.

"Conventional styles in architecture have been cast aside for an orgy of modernism such as few Americans have yet experienced," says the writer in the *Sun* Magazine. "Bright colors are being used freely on buildings and fences to dazzle citizens accustomed to sober shades of brick and stone."

THERE are many in Chicago "who are frankly puzzled by the curious cubistic lines of these huge sprawling skeletons of steel, and the shining and many colored walls which clothe them," George Gray tells us in the New York *Times* Magazine, continuing:



Keystone

Not a Problem in Geometry, but the Fair's White, Gray, Gold, and Red Science Building

"Outré effects," is the way a University of Chicago professor described them.

"Metallic monstrosities," said a La Salle Street business man, who added that the life-size copy of old Fort Dearborn is "the only sensible-looking building on the lot."

Another characterized the massive cable-suspended dome of the Travel and Transport Tower as "a glorified gas-tank," and I heard the enormous loaflike structure adjoining it dubbed "the car-barn."

Officials at exposition headquarters showed no concern over these reactions. Indeed, I gathered that they rather expected them.

"At least we shall not bore the public with a monotonous repetition of past patterns," said Daniel H. Burnham, Director of Works.

AND certainly, it must be added, the controversy thus generated will do nothing to dampen interest in the exposition, nothing to make people stay at home.

As an exposition dedicated to the glories

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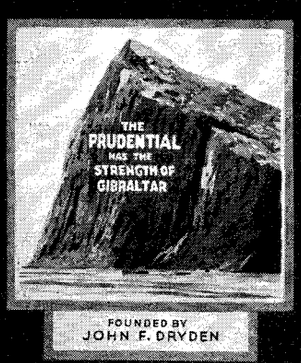
TAKE CARE LEST THIS SHOULD BE ALL YOU LEAVE YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN

Don't Lapse your Life Insurance



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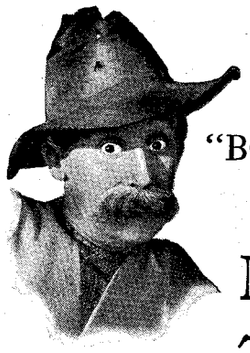
"Chic" Sale



says "BOTTLES is Mighty Tricky"

THERE ain't anything more disconcertin' than feelin' around in a dark closet or medicine cabinet and gittin' the wrong bottle. Chances are you'll git the hair tonic and drink it down.

Of course you know you are wrong when you taste it, but it's too late then.

Well sir, as long as there are bottles we'll make these little mistakes. You can't tell what's inside a bottle by the way it sloshes. The safest way is to git these little chocolate tablets in a tin box. It ain't only safer, it's cheaper. Ordinarily after you empty a bottle you can't use it again, but you can put fish hooks in a tin box.

"Chic" Sale

The "little chocolate tablets in a tin box" are Ex-Lax, the chocolate-flavored laxative that checks on every point the doctor looks for.

The only ingredient of Ex-Lax is the well-known laxative—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, the right dose.

Ex-Lax is mild—gentle—non-habit forming—safe for young or old.

Buy a regular 10c trial box at the nearest drug store—or mail the coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX
and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Mail this coupon to Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. V512

of science and invention, Chicago's observation of a "century of progress" will go much farther than anything we have yet seen.

Do you recall that one-time darling of the professional humorist—the engaging possibility that humans would come to rely so much on the automobile that their legs would atrophy, or at least become useless? Well, here, for one of the first times in history, we find serious consideration given to the idea. Said Harvey Wiley Corbett, chairman of the Architectural Commission, to Mr. Gray, who quotes him in *The Times:* "We know that people are not as accustomed to walking as they were before the development of the automobile. Therefore it seemed important to concentrate the exhibits. We decided to make the buildings of two stories—tho former world's fairs have used one-story buildings almost entirely."

And Mr. Gray continues:

Then, to facilitate transportation, these upper and lower floors ar approached by long ramps, and within the buildings ramps take the place of stairs in most instances. The buildings are connected, the corridors and wings extending from one to the next, so it will be possible to go through the greater part of the exposition under cover.

Nor will one need to travel by foot. There will be wheel-chairs, some self-propelled, others guided by an attendant, and it will be quite possible to "do" the entire fair on wheels riding up and down ramps and rolling from one upper-floor extension to that of the neighboring building. Also there will be little tramways at elevated levels to circle the buildings, and plans are under advisement for an elevated monorail system.

THE buildings of the exposition, which is expected to attract a maximum daily attendance of 1,000,000, are rising, Mr. Gray continues, on "a stretch of some 500 acres along the lake-shore front from Twelfth Street southward, including islands, projected extensions, and enclosed lagoons."

And he adds later:

As more land is needed, the problem is easily solved with a dredge and a fleet of sand barges, for the lake is large and the sand-bars extensive and free to all comers. Indeed, they are filling in the southern end of Northerly Island now to add thirteen acres to its area, and thus make room for the Hall of Music and other buildings.

Even the fence around the exposition grounds is unusual. According to the *Sun* Magazine writer, who quotes exposition officials, "it will be the world's first solid sheet-metal fence; it will have no peep-holes, will be nine feet high, and adorned with twenty-foot flagpoles each hundred feet. White, silver, gray, and orange form its color scheme, with silver predominating.

"Some two-thirds of the three-and-one-half-mile fence will be built this spring." Reading on:

Several of the buildings already have been erected, including the modernistic Administration Building; the startling Travel and Transport Building, with its dome suspended by cables; the Hall of Sciences, 700 by 400 feet, with a 176-foot carillon tower.

A mile south of the latter building stands a replica of old Fort Dearborn, which was destroyed by Indians in 1812.

Finishing touches are being applied to another group of buildings—the Electrical Communications and Radio structures.

Joined together, they form a huge sickle some 1,200 feet long; their colors will be principally crimson, gold, and silver.

Plans in Chicago provide for a Hall of States, the size of which will be determined by the number represented.

The idea of grouping these exhibits in one building was hit upon to eliminate the necessity of each State going to the expense of constructing a building as well as to concentrate the State exhibits for the benefit of visitors.

Two large automobile companies and a mail-order house have already announced plan for the construction of separate buildings for their displays, and it is possible that other concerns may follow suit, doing this in preference to renting space.

Contracts signed for these special buildings amount to $1,400,000, and they will be designed to harmonize with the general building scheme.

The Administration Building, in which a staff of 275 is working out the details of various exhibits and planning the buildings yet to be erected, has been completed for a year or more, long enough so that Chicagoans have probably become accustomed to its "cubism."

Like that of other exposition buildings, the framework of the Administration structure is of steel, with walls of a special asbestos composition and floors of an asphalt composition laid over metal plates. Most of the parts are fabricated in factories and simply assembled on the fair grounds.

This practise, together with different materials used in the buildings, makes it possible to put up these large structures at a cost much less than that for an office building, for example, of the same size.

Ordinary building cost is estimated at sixty cents or more per cubic foot, while that for the exposition buildings has averaged as low as ten cents. The method of construction also should make possible a higher percentage of salvage when the life of the buildings is ended.

A SCREW-DRIVER and wrench are "more representative of the construction methods used here than are the mason's trowel and the riveter's hammer," according to Mr. Gray, from whose *Times* article we here borrow a passage in which Mr. Corbett is quoted on coming drastic changes in building methods:

"The revolution that is coming in construction methods will provide for the economical removal of a building after it has served its day and generation.

"When buildings are made of manufactured shapes bolted or locked into position—as these Chicago world's fair buildings are—this practise of wrecking will disappear from our building code. Building blocks will be interchangeable, and we shall be able to remove an outdated building with speed and economy, and utilize its parts elsewhere with the minimum of loss. Chicago in 1933 will be pointing the nation and the world to that reform."

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Using Diplomacy to Make the Diplomat's Canary Sing

FIDO'S constitutional is an American institution. In China, however, it is the family music maker, the canary, that requires his daily airing.

In the public gardens of Peiping, and along the shady roads that follow the banks of the moats of the Forbidden City, according to a correspondent of the weekly edition of the London *Times*, "Chinese men of good condition can be seen every afternoon parading their canaries in carefully shrouded cages.

"It is an unexplained but undeniable fact," we are assured, "that the Chinese canary refuses to sing unless taken for its evening stroll."

The experiences of a foreign diplomat with this custom, the cantankerousness of his bird, who would not pipe a note, unless his ideas of social fitness in the matter of chaperonage were met, and the cleverness of Yang, his native servant, form the body of this engaging tale.

But before coming to the story proper, the correspondent of *The Times* tells us that during his stay in Peiping, a few months ago, "the Chinese authorities issued an order forbidding the parading of canaries on the public places, on the ground that it brought ridicule upon the nation and encouraged idleness. Happily, the new law had no effect. Even the foreign owners of canaries fail to induce them to enliven their houses with song unless they are sent out on their afternoon walks."

But now we come to the real story, that of the Ambassador's canary. And we read:

The representative of a Great Power, residing in the palatial precincts of an extensive Legation, was presented by a lady —who did not want it—with a canary.

Now do what he could, his Excellency could not persuade the bird to sing. The fact worried him and he began to neglect his diplomatic duties. Instead of dictating dispatches he learned to whistle and to chirrup.

But the more melodious he became the more silent became his little feathered friend.

It is well known in China that when the Ministers of foreign governments are at a loss—it happens now and again—they invariably consult their "head-boy"—the infallible domestic servant who controls them and their households.

So his Excellency summoned Yang, and asked his ornithological advice. His reply was brief, but definite.

"Canally, sir, no go walk, no sing."

The Minister recalled this idiosyncrasy of the Chinese songster, and ordered the "head-boy" to send the little bird out every afternoon for a promenade.

But the wage which the Minister consented to disburse was so inadequate that after Yang had deducted his half as commission the rest only sufficed to pay a very inferior person.

His clothes were not washed, nor was his hair cut. His accent was that of the

COOL SHAVES for more than 1,000,000 Fans

THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

LATHER UP! In the final standings of the Chin-Bush League, Ingram's leads its rivals by a cool, cool shave. No nicks, no burns, no terrors! For the Ingram battery sets down your whiskers in 1-2-3 order and never, never spikes your face! It's

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

The famous blue jar and the blue and white tube contain the same cooling shaving cream. Hundreds of thousands hail the jar as the most economical package ever made. Just as many more think the tube is more convenient.

Deliberately we made Ingram's the coolest shaving cream that ever caressed the chin of man! Every jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that tone your face while you're shaving! That's the secret of Ingram's great success! It does the work of a shaving cream, a tonic, and a lotion all in one!

No scrapes, no smarts, no cuts—when Ingram's is the basis of your lather!

Go straight to your druggist and ask for the tube or demand the jar—whichever you prefer. That's the quickest way to get acquainted with Ingram's.

Or, if you'd like to, try it at our expense. We'll be delighted to send you a sample and give you your first ten Ingram shaves FREE! We know you'll want more. Clip the coupon!

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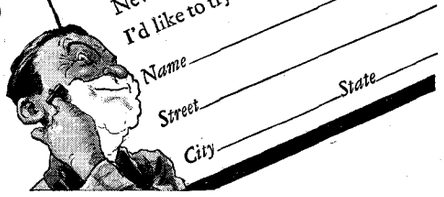
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES OR JARS!



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—AND HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE— by ALBERT DORNE

HERE'S ANOTHER "B.O." AD. GUESS SOME PEOPLE ARE PRETTY CARELESS. BUT I'LL BET I COULDN'T BE GUILTY AND NOT KNOW IT!
SALE
LATER
THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A FELLOW! CLAIRE HAS TURNED ME DOWN THREE TIMES NOW ABOUT ANOTHER DATE
NEXT DAY
TOO BUSY TO SEE ME AGAIN. THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY. I'LL LOSE MY JOB IF I DON'T GET MORE ORDERS
THE SALES MANAGER SPEAKS
I'LL BE FRANK. YOU'LL NEVER GET AHEAD UNTIL YOU GET RID OF "B.O."—AND THAT'S SO SIMPLE— WITH LIFEBUOY!
THREE MONTHS LATER
CLAIRE, GUESS WHAT'S HAPPENED? I'VE WON FIRST PLACE IN THE SALES CONTEST. LET'S GET MARRIED SOON
DARLING, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU

Don't risk "B.O." (body odor)

EVERYONE perspires. Pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste daily. We never know the moment when *others* may notice this odor! Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, searching, germ-removing lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its pleasant, hygienic scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

Great for the complexion

Every night, massage Lifebuoy's pure, bland lather well into the skin; then rinse. See how quickly your complexion clears and freshens—glows with healthy, youthful radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

back streets of the Tatar City, and his nails were filthy.

To this unattractive individual the Legation canary, in a highly decorated and expensive cage, was entrusted. The bird remained aggressively silent.

ONCE more the versatile Yang was consulted. His explanation was "long but convincing," as we soon see, reading further in the story:

He made it quite clear that no self-respecting canary could support so degraded a companion, and that, so far from its walks inducing it to sing, utter shame at being seen in such company would render it voiceless forever.

"And the remedy?" asked the Minister.

"The lemedy?" repeated Yang—a new companion worthy of his charge, an educated Chinese of good standing and literary attainments, who could quote Confucius and discuss the classics.

In short, a custodian worthy of his charge, drest respectably in blue silk, who would drink his tea at the most refined resorts and among the best people—a gentleman and a scholar.

Otherwise the "canally" would pine and die.

The Minister promptly ordered the engagement of such a paragon at an almost unprecedented wage, in addition to an allowance for tea and a complete outfit of blue silk clothes.

After three days the canary began to chirp. In a week it outsang all the canaries of Peiping in unceasing, throbbing, heavenly melody. Visitors to the Minister found his Excellency seated enrapt, his finger raised to enjoin silence. But he did not know that it was Yang, the head-boy himself, who, in new silk clothes, took the canary on its promenades.

Monarch of All He Surveys

THAT exclusive club of men who really own towns has recently been joined by W. G. Coreim, Kansas City real estate broker.

Mr. Coreim, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is the boss, master, peace officer, baron, etc., of Torch, Missouri. He acquired it recently in a trade, J. L. Jacobs, of Olathe, Kansas, giving him Torch in exchange for the forty-room house at Fifteenth and Charlotte Streets, Kansas City, Missouri."

Further, we are told:

Torch comprises a general store, post-office, filling station, and a dozen or more dwellings.

It is on the Frisco tracks in Ripley County, which is in the tier bordering Arkansas in the eastern part of the State.

The sizable community nearest Torch is Poplar Bluff.

Torch grew up around a sawmill operated when the timber was being removed from the surrounding territory not a few years ago.

The sawmill [*The Herald Tribune* continues] long has been dismantled, but Torch endures because of the fact that local Frisco trains hesitate there and because of the general store and post-office, both housed in the one business building of the town, and the filling station.

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How to Win the Davis Cup

IF too many cooks spoil the broth, too many champions are apt to spoil a nation's Davis Cup chances.

It may seem a startling idea, but Henri Cochet, the French court star, advances it quite seriously in *Tennis*, in a friendly article on our prospects.

"The fact that the United States possesses half-a-dozen very good champions, all of them more or less able to play the Davis Cup, is not an advantage," he assures us. "Quite the contrary.

"It is better to have a permanent and homogeneous team than one which is stronger in theory, but which changes its members constantly."

M. Cochet's remarks are of particular interest to us now as the major events of the tennis season loom nearer and nearer. The Mason-Dixon championship play is completed, with Ellsworth Vines, national champion, victorious. Much more important play is in the offing, and the personnel and chances of our teams in such events are of interest. Speculation has been keen ever since the national indoor matches, in which Borotra and Boussus were eliminated by Aydelotte and Rockafellow in the quarter-finals.

Returning to M. Cochet, we find him illustrating his theory about champions thus in *Tennis:*

The strength of Great Britain is to have had two players, two only, and always the same ones: Austin and Perry.

The strength of France is to have had four players, always the same, then but three when Lacoste withdrew.

Apart from the strength of each player, there is that of the team taken as a whole.

In 1925, the French were beaten at Philadelphia by 5 to 0; in 1926, they were beaten 4 to 1. We were beaten, yes, but we had learned something. This "something" we used in 1927, and victory smiled on us. Suppose now that France had had enough players to launch new men into the battle in 1925, 1926, and 1927—I strongly fear that we would have lost each time.

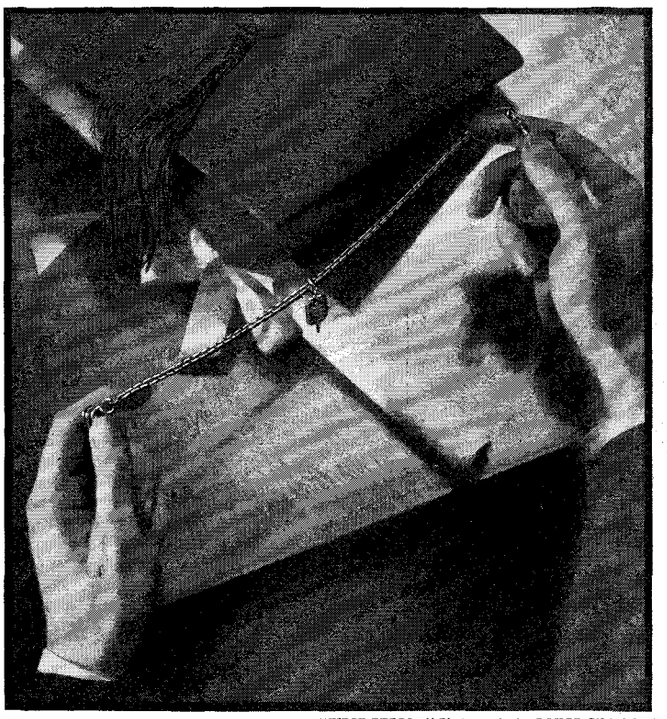
Austin and Sidney Wood are two young players. Austin has beaten Wood. Why? Is Sidney Wood so inferior? I don't believe it. But that which is probable is that the Englishman has had a great deal more experience in the big international matches. Sidney Wood and Shields simply found themselves in the same situation that we were in in 1925 at Philadelphia. One must not conclude from the above remark that I think that the best team of 1932 must be the one which was beaten in 1931.

IN order to improve Davis Cup chances, American players and officials should, in M. Cochet's opinion:

Take part in the championship of France. Outside of Wimbledon, play the least possible and avoid the big danger of overtraining. Among those of equal strength, select the players who already have played in the Davis Cup matches. Organize, somewhere outside of Paris by preference, an existence which will resemble as near as possible what they would have in America. Arrange, two weeks before the interzone final, a thorough rest period devoid of tennis.

29388

"THE BIG CHAIN IS BACK!"



"FIRST-PERSON" Photography by ROYER-SHANNON

34371

Key Men In College Say So!

The key men in our great colleges and universities, the up-and-coming fellows who lead the way and set the pace, have been among the first to put their stamp of approval on *"the big chain"*. And that goes for their older brothers—the live wires in the business and professional world, too.

In fact, "dainty" watch chains just don't "click" with men of action these days. Instead, they're wearing man-size chains again—and that's not only because *"the big chain"* is safer and stronger, but because it's *smarter*—sets off clothes to better advantage!

Remember, there's no better graduation or "coming-of-age" present for a man than a good watch and chain. And if you want to show him that you're "in the know", make sure it's one of the smart, new, *big-calibre* Simmons Chains.

Simmons quality is the result of old-school methods of craftsmanship. This company was making fine watch chains back in the days when Phi Beta Kappa keys were actually used for winding watches!

All the world admires Simmons Watch Chains—and they're sold by the better jewelers everywhere!

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"The swivel says it's a Simmons"

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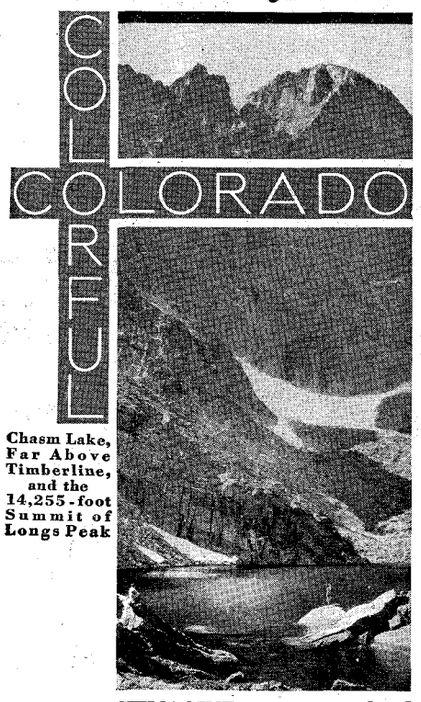
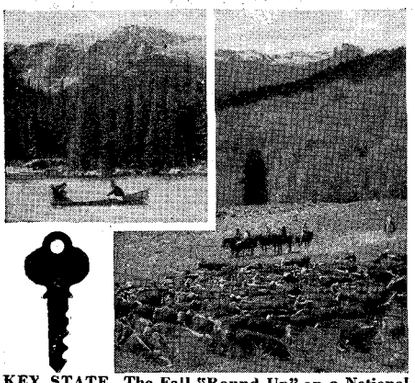
Enjoy the Thousand Lakes That Vie for World Beauty Prize



Chasm Lake, Far Above Timberline, and the 14,255-foot Summit of Longs Peak

IMAGINE an enormous bowl of sparkling, blue water, surrounded by thick forests of bright green aspens and darker evergreen with huge, craggy peaks and perpetual snow above. Then multiply by a thousand and you have one—but only one—of Colorado's attractions. The best vacation of your life—at astonishingly low cost—awaits you in Colorado this summer. When you come, note the abundant opportunities for a happy, prosperous home on this last, great frontier.

Taste "Sunshine and Vitamins" at home; eat Colorado fruits and vegetables



KEY STATE OF THE NEW WEST

The Fall "Round-Up" on a National Forest Range. *Above:* Echo Lake, in the Denver Mountain Parks System

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"The Mail Must Go Through!" Is Ethelbert's Motto

ETHELBERT was really rude.

He accosted John McCauley at the information desk in the County Clerk's office in New York, when Mr. McCauley was trying to give information to six people at once.

Irritated because he was at first ignored, "Ethelbert hopped upon John's shoulder and said 'mee-errr-oww!' in his left ear," writes Edwin C. Hill in the New York *Sun*.

"Knowing his Ethelbert," we read further, "John excused himself from the six applicants for information, gently removed Ethelbert from his shoulder, and with the cat [who is white with variations] in his arms left the office and went immediately to the ground floor and to the big bronze and glass mail chute." For, the account continues:

John McCauley knew as surely as he knew the amiable phiz of his boss, Chief Clerk Ed Horn, that something was wrong with the mail chute, and that the orderly routine of the County Court-house—yes, and of the Federal Government itself—was being obstructed.

Ever since the intelligent Ethelbert has been connected with the administration of justice in this community, and that's a matter of four years now, he has manifested an extraordinary and inexplicable interest in the mail facilities of the Court-house.

Daily he greets the postmen on their appointed rounds, following them in a comically serious and profound manner as they visit the various rooms and chambers.

At odd times in his busy day—and Ethelbert toils at innumerable occupations far harder than any $22,500 Supreme Court Justice in the place—he goes to the ground floor, hops on top of the mail-box at the bottom of the glass-paneled chute and watches the cascade of letters.

The phenomenon simply fascinates him. He can't quite get what it's all about. And now and then he stretches forth a paw and makes a quick snatch, never seeming to realize, intelligent as he is otherwise, that the glass must balk any attempt on his part to snare even a postal card.

ANYWAY, "the chute will get out of order now and then," Mr. Hill tells us as the story of Ethelbert runs on:

Sometimes it gets choked up. Some one or another of the justices gets off his mind a written opinion so heavy and ponderous that it just won't slide down.

The chute goes out of business and the fascinating cascade of white letters ceases, ruining the best part of Ethelbert's day.

And at such times the Court-house cat hastens to John McCauley and tells him all about it, and John hastens to the mail-chute and gets the engineer, and pretty soon things are all right again and everybody is happy.

Business Is Better on the Public Golf Course

MUNICIPAL and daily-fee courses are looming larger and larger in the American golf picture; and officials of private clubs are exerting all their ingenuity to meet the competition thus generated, Francis J. Powers tell us in a Consolidated Press Association dispatch from Chicago.

New York *Sun* photograph

Ethelbert the Mailman Tells Mr. McCauley, His Pal, About the Trouble With the Chute

It is conservatively estimated, he continues, "that more than half of the golf played in the United States during 1931 was over courses of a public nature, and that the percentage will be greatly increased this year."

The reasons for this change are many, according to Mr. Powers, and he lists some of them in his article:

Economic conditions are forcing many golfers, heretofore members of private clubs, back to daily-fee and municipal courses.

Public courses also are approaching and in many instances equaling the better private clubs in construction and maintenance.

Many private clubs that were victims of improper financing are salvaging a portion of their investment by throwing their fairways open to the public. In Chicago, seven private clubs have joined the daily-fee ranks this spring, and similar instances have been reported from Los Angeles, New York, and other large cities. These clubs offer the public all of the accommodations of a private layout at a much smaller cost.

The better daily-fee and municipal courses still are able to show a comfortable profit on the original investment. Salesmen of golf equipment who have been canvassing their fields report that 1932 will be one of the best seasons for public courses. Where private clubs are suffering

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from financial pains the number of public courses continues to increase.

Chicago, for example, will have several new ones this year. Of the 220 clubs in the Chicago district, ninety-four are public, and that number is none too great to provide playing space and time over week-ends and holidays. The increasing number of women golfers and the five-day week are factors in the growth of daily-fee and municipal-course play.

Britons, "whose golf clubs are for golf and not side issues in the drama of country-club social life," always have wondered at "the high price of the game in the United States." Of this difference Mr. Powers writes:

Golf always has been cheap in Great Britain, but even there the demand for less expensive play is being heard. Members of one very well-known English club recently registered a protest because the annual dues and membership totaled the staggering sum of $75 per year.

The protest was based on the fact that the dues had increased more than 50 per cent. within a period of five years. Yet $75 would not have admitted an applicant inside the front gate of many inexpensive private clubs in the United States.

Private clubs are making a determined effort to combat present conditions by reduction of dues and, in some instances, new features for the entertainment of members. One Chicago club has organized the children of members into a junior club.

The High Cost of the Hunt

FOX-HUNTING comes high, but our British cousins must have it, even tho the annual bill mounts up between $50,000,000 and $60,000,000. The United Press relays the information to us in a dispatch from London; and its figures, it credits to the British Field Sports Society.

The huge total expense, we are told, "includes the maintenance of homes in the country, and many other expenses incidental to hunting." Reading on:

For hunting alone the cost is estimated at $22,750,000, an extremely large proportion of which goes to the country over which the hunt is conducted.

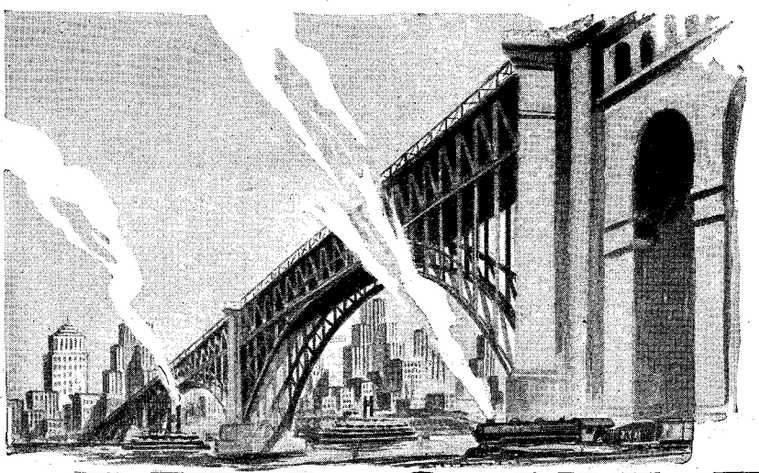
For instance, agriculture takes a toll of about $8,750,000 for fodder and other supplies; the shoeing smith and the saddler draw $2,000,000; veterinary surgeons $425,000; wages absorb $9,890,000; clothing $590,000; other hunt expenses $250,000; while $100,000 goes to the revenue for licenses.

Grooms and hunt servants alone number over 20,000, whose wages are circulated in the villages.

Nothing is here taken into account of the cost of the maintenance of the supply of 40,000 hunters, or kennel costs to maintain a pack of hounds in the necessary state of efficiency.

Some idea of the huge proportions of the industry of fox-hunting can be gained from the fact that there are 200 packs in England, Scotland, and Wales, which include 6,869 couples of hounds.

The average cost of keeping a foxhound is about $75, of a hunter $420, and of a brood-mare, of which about 5,000 are required, $150.



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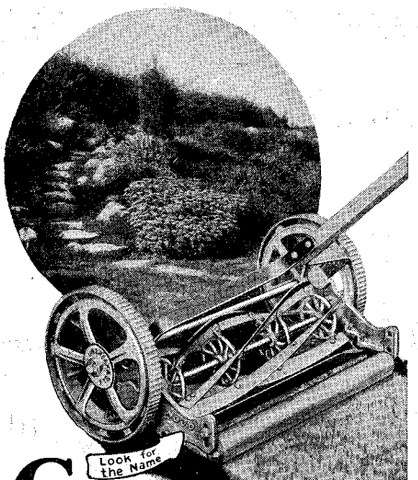

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Finland's Non-Fighting Army of Women

"AMAZONS of Northern Europe" they have been called. And in fact, the rattle and clatter of Lotta cooks on the march has a sound very much like that of the artillery.

Many a militiaman, hard-prest at maneuvers, according to a Helsingfors dispatch from Clair Price to the New York *Times* Magazine, "has pricked up his ears at the sound of the distant rumble which indicates that the Lotta's are coming; and many a nose has hungrily sniffed the wind-borne smells of sausages and tea which indicate that a battery of Lotta field kitchens has unlimbered and gone into action beneath the birches of a near-by roadside."

Who are these Lottas? The writer in *The Times* tells us thus:

When Runeberg wrote the story of the old canteen woman, Lotta Svärd—Charlotte Sword in English—he could hardly have imagined that to-day his native Finland would contain 50,000 Lotta Svärds organized in a woman's army auxiliary, whose like does not exist anywhere else in the world.

Runeberg's Lotta may or may not have been taken from real life, but the Lottas of to-day are as real as Finland itself.

Uniformed in the same field gray as is worn by the regular Army and the militia, a Lotta unit on the march presents the unusual spectacle of the blonde and blue-eyed sex swinging along in a formidably military column of gray caps, gray blouses, gray skirts, and belted-gray overcoats.

Rich and poor, old and young, the Lottas are reduced to the iron-gray level of the coarse homespun stuff which, in Army rifle regiments, is associated with the German coal-scuttle type of steel helmets.

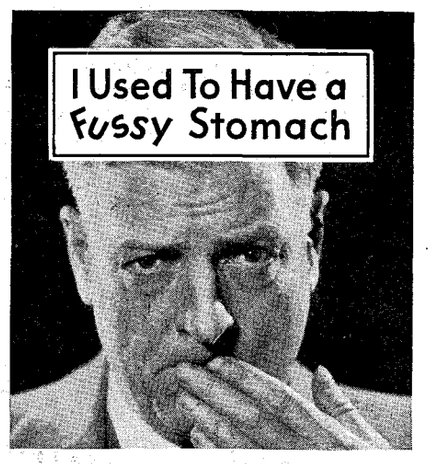
The Lottas, of course, do not wear steel helmets, for they are a volunteer women's auxiliary attached to the militia, and not a combatant force. The arms they bear are splints and bandages, teapots and frying-pans, brooms and scrubbing brushes, pins and needles, pens and typewriters. On the march they wear the heavy visored caps which the Army and the militia wear, but at work they sometimes take off their caps and put on instead the highly civilian head-cloths which Finnish housewives wear.

THEY serve as trained nurses and stretcher-bearers, the writer continues. They run "military hospitals and ambulances. They make the militia's uniforms. They do the 'paper work' at militia bases." And they do not stop there, we are told:

They raise money for the militia by means of lotteries, bazaars, etc. They carry on school work among their members. They hold gymnastic, singing, walking, and skiing competitions. They obey orders like soldiers. They constitute a disciplined patriotic force so popular that the gray Lotta uniform has become the festival dress of Finnish women.

They sometimes help the Regular Army, but they belong to the militia, joining up for the two weeks of militia maneuvers every year, and during the rest of the year carrying out their Lotta duties in their home areas.

They do not live in barracks, because Finland has no barracks to spare for them,



For Acid Indigestion

Just Eat Delicious "TUMS"

DOES "Fussy Stomach" ruin your meals and spoil your summer fun? Do your favorite foods sometimes bring on a burning sourness and a bloated feeling?

Thousands now say they eat what they like without fear of acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach or gas if they eat a few TUMS after meals. This delightful new antacid mint prevents and relieves "Fussy Stomach." Simply eat three or four TUMS after meals—often one is enough. Carry a handy roll in pocket or purse wherever you go—especially on your vacation, when change of water and diet so often upsets the stomach. Tums are quick, sure relief. Get a roll at any drug store, only 10c.

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE. For a Laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative, NR (NATURE'S REMEDY). Only 25c.

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but during maneuvers they do the same work at the militia's barracks as housewives do in their own homes.

Like Runeberg's *Lotta*, the unlegendary Lotta of to-day is "a pearl on the pathway of war, and a pearl all genuine, too."

Their gray blouses are pinned at the throat with the Lotta brooch—a blue swastika surrounded by gray heraldic roses on a white ground. The swastika in these post-war years has become the accepted symbol of the political "Whites," and the Lottas, like the militia, are "White."

Sometimes It's the Little Fellow Who Wins

A TRAPT bald eagle and a pack of hungry wolves fought it out in the Alaskan snows.

And the eagle won, we read in a New York *Sun* editorial which quotes a Northern trapper, but with the warning that "he had not been a witness to the engagement. But he declared that the condition of the snow and the ground around the trap bore mute evidences of the fierceness of the eagle's defense and the utter futility of the wolf pack's attack." Continuing:

These wolves were Alaskans, and were remotely situated as regards the gentle creatures of the Algoma region of western Ontario, in whose defense James W. Curran of Sault Ste. Marie has appeared and has sought to clear of the charge of being man-eaters.

However, *The Sun* tells us:

The evidence, would appear to be in favor of Mr. Curran's contention that the fierceness of the wolf and its fighting ability are overrated.

Alaskan trappers declare that the story of the encounter is not unbelievable, for they recognize that a cornered eagle is the most vicious of birds and animals.

The big bird in the toils of the trap was in somewhat the same position as a pugilist who entered the ring with his hands tied behind him. Different from the general rule, he won the bout. Mr. Curran is entitled to use the incident as appears best in his crusade.

To the naturalist, *The Sun* philosophizes, "this incident will appeal only as another of the striking reversals of things which he has recently been called upon to explain." Reading on:

Not long ago a report from a ranch in the Sierra uplands said that a sheep, the humblest and meekest of creatures, bit a dog which was too dictatorial in its methods of herding, and that when the shepherd attempted to punish the sheep it turned on him and scarred his shins.

We are informed also that when cats were sent out to stop an advancing herd of mice on Australian plains, the mice turned the tables by charging the cat army.

A big tomcat that long had run the house of a Texan, near San Antonio, undertook to discipline a pet white rabbit by attacking it in its home. The owner found his cat "kicked to pieces" the next morning, and Brer Rabbit contentedly gnawing his turnip tops.

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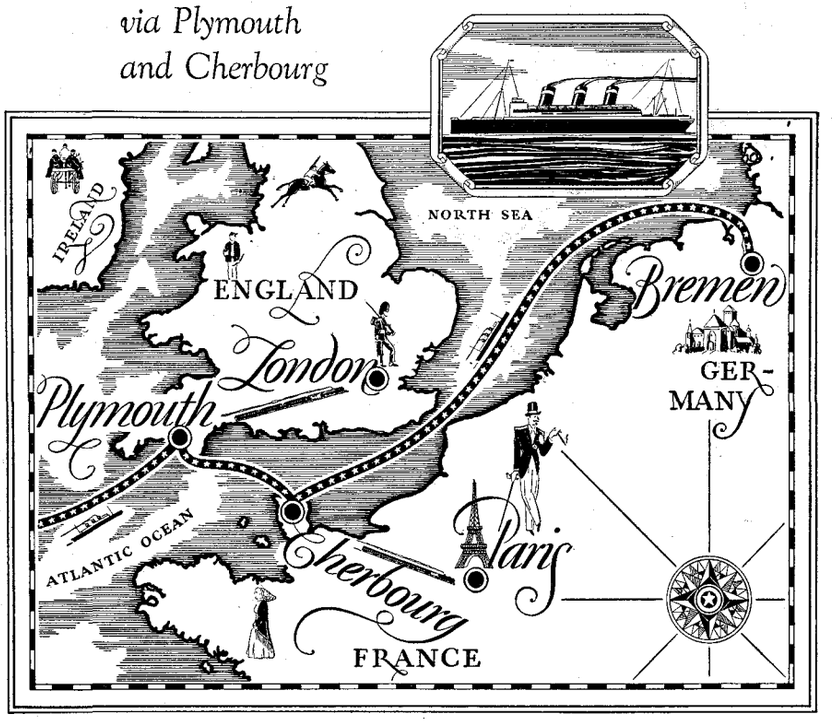

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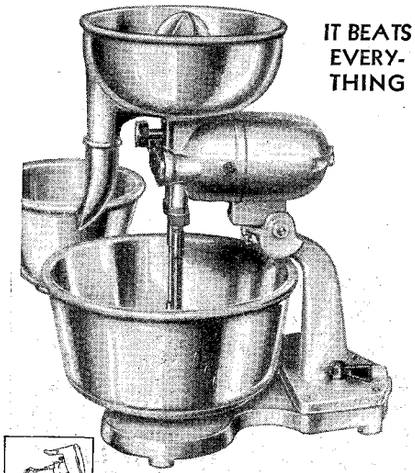

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Ben and Bob, Golden West Track Marvels

BEN is lean and lank and blond. He looks like almost anything but an athlete. Standing six feet, one and a half inches, and weighing 153 pounds, "he seems all legs and arms," writes Charles W. Paddock, the famous track man, in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine.

Off a track, Ben Eastman, whose record-breaking is the sensation of the Western track season, "is painfully shy, and so awkward that he is continually falling all over himself," writes Mr. Paddock. "He wears glasses, even when running, and has more the appearance of a student who loves solitude than the sophisticated son of a wealthy father."

But this unathletic appearance did not keep the young Stanford trackman recently from breaking the world's record in the 440 and the 880. The former he did in 46.4 seconds, bettering the Meredith mark of 47.4. The 880 he ran in 1.51.3, which betters Dr. Peltzer's mark by three-tenths of a second.

Acme

When California's Ben Gets Set to Burn Up the Cinder Track

AND so California feels that she has some one to match the East's Gene Venzke, the great 4.10 miler. Ben will be a home-grown thrill provider for the Olympics. And then to back up Ben there's Bullet Bob Kiesel of the University of California, with his recent 9.6 seconds for the 100 yards and his 21.1 seconds for the 220. These marks are new records for the Stanford-California meet.

"Youthful athletes, who yesterday were unknown, to-day are being hailed as champions of the track and field. Some have been training a long time, and are just commencing to find themselves; others are reaching the top merely through natural inborn ability," says Mr. Paddock, commenting on these and other performances.

"Olympic year is always the signal for the rise of record-breakers, and 1932, with the games scheduled for Los Angeles this summer, is proving no exception," he adds, continuing this account of these young hopefuls of the track:

In the middle distances, Ben Eastman is so good that he ranks as No. 1 man on the prospective American Olympic team.

Yet one year ago he was unknown outside of Palo Alto, and only a few of his freshmen team-mates, including his older brother Sam, considered him a world beater. Even they [says Mr. Paddock] would not have dared to predict that during his sophomore season he would break the world's records for both the quarter-mile and the half-mile, knocking a full second off Ted Meredith's mark of 47.4 seconds for the quarter, a record that stars have been shooting at—and failing to break—since way back in 1916.

Track would never have known Ben Eastman if physical education had not been a requirement for graduation at Burlingame High School in San Mateo County, California.

Ben and his brother Sam had been dodging compulsory exercise with extraordinary success. Their hobby had been camping in the high Sierras. The long hikes and an abundance of sunshine and fresh air had given them strong, lithe bodies, and they were quite sure that they did not need any prescribed "daily dozen."

But they did want their diplomas, and in the last half of their senior year they were forced to surrender.

They found that they could substitute track work for physical education, and took a chance. Almost over night Ben became a mild sensation.

When the tow-headed youngster entered Stanford and turned out for track, Coach Dink Templeton was quick to see his possibilities, and gave him every opportunity to become a star. Eastman followed Dink's instructions to the letter. He knew little about competition. All he needed was experience, and he received a large dose of it last season, responding splendidly.

With his well-loved coach in the hospital suffering from acute arthritis, "Big Ben" went about his practise this year with a new-found determination to make good. And he has succeeded in a way that has surprized every one but Dink Templeton.

First he won international recognition by capturing the Eastern intercollegiate half-mile crown (something no other Western college man has ever done), and equaling Meredith's world record of 47.4 seconds. Then, on March 26, he shattered the mark, running the 440 yards in the unheard-of time 46.4 seconds.

But more was to come. Two weeks later, on April 9, he set a new world's record for the half-mile, racing the 880 yards in 1.51.3, which was three-tenths of a second faster than the record set by Dr. Otto Peltzer in England in 1926.

And he has just begun to find himself

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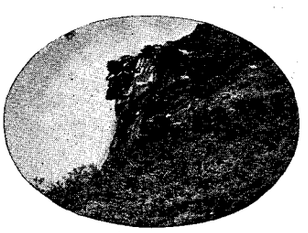

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By the time of the Olympics he is almost certain to surpass his previous efforts.

"Bob KIESEL was prevailed upon to take part in his first big race several years ago," Mr. Paddock tells us further:

At the time he was a student in a private preparatory school near San Francisco. He had displayed a great deal of natural speed in "sand-lot" baseball. But he had never worn a pair of spikes when he stept on the old Berkeley, California, track to face Hec Dyer, intercollegiate champion of Stamford University, and Russ Sweet, several times a national place winner, in the annual Amateur Athletic Union championships.

Bob Kiesel knew nothing about starting holes or how to respond to the commands. He stood around on one foot and then the other, watching his rivals prepare for the race, until the starter took him off to one side and tried to explain to him what it was all about.

Bob then scratched himself a couple of shallow trenches and made a pretense of getting into the crouch position. He was left flatfooted at the gun, of course, and his fleet competitors were a full ten yards ahead of him before he got under way.

What happened at that point, however, is California sprinting history. Bob Kiesel unleashed an indescribable burst of speed which sent him past Dyer before the tape was reached, with Sweet barely nosing him out. Later, in the 220, Kiesel again found himself out of the race in the first fifty yards.

But this time he had a longer distance in which to make up his handicap, and he flew past the entire field to win by fifteen yards from two of the best sprinters in the United States.

Instead of following up his advantage, the youngster went away on a fishing trip, and not until this season has any one been able to get him to train seriously. Walter Christie, veteran California coach, has taught his fleet sophomore how to start, and when he acquires some competitive experience, no one, even including the great Wykoff, should beat him. He is America's "dark horse" for the Olympic 100-meter title—a "champion in the cradle."

Bernard Shaw's Blind Date

That's a grand Shaw story. The one relating to his recent trip to Russia. Strolling along the banks of the Volga, he encountered a beautiful girl playing in the sand.

He stopt to chat with the child, who immediately took a liking to the bearded sage. They walked along the river for a while, her hand in his, Shaw enjoying the trivialities of which they talked. Finally the little one informed the Shavian body that it was time for her to go home.

"Good-by, my dear," he said, "and when mother asks you where you have been, tell her you have been walking along the Volga with George Bernard Shaw."

The great name was absolutely unknown to the child, but she recognized the courtesy in the words of her strange friend and was not to be outdone. Her pleasant smile and bow acquired a quaint gravity as imitated by the child. She replied:

"And when you go home and they ask you where you have been tell them that you were walking along the Volga with Katerina Ivanovna Fyodorovitch."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

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Investments and Finance

The Collapse of the Kreuger Legend

WHEN the Swedish "match king" shot himself in Paris, the whole world wondered.

The press of the world was full of talk of "Napoleon," "superman," "Prometheus." But there was no word of suspicion, or of blame, except for an overwhelming ambition. Kreuger was called "a man of genius who was beaten by fate," one who appeared "to have no sins."

But in one short month what a change! As the Ottawa *Journal* reflects:

If an Edgar Wallace or an Oppenheim had created a character who built up one of the greatest businesses in all history, created a world monopoly, advanced millions to governments, offered to take over national debts, and then at the height of his fame committed suicide only to be discovered as a crook and a swindler on a colossal scale, the average reader would have berated the author for seeking to make plausible the impossible.

Yet such is the truth, and within a month of the suicide this great world financier, this "pillar of respectability," was "being revealed as perhaps the biggest swindler in the annals of crime." As the Baltimore *Sun* outlines what it calls the "match-stick tragedy":

The story of Ivar Kreuger was just developing when the Swedish wizard shot himself in the head, in very businesslike fashion, on March 12. The first reaction was one of slight suspicion, mingled with great public grief. Meanwhile the chief unit in his elaborate structure was granted a moratorium upon its obligations by the Swedish Cabinet in special meeting. Flags were put at half-mast in Stockholm, and it was said even in the streets people spoke in "subdued voices." But three days later it was being said that he had needed $70,000,000, and a little later that he was facing loss of monopolies in several countries because he was unable to make scheduled payments to these nations. By the end of March an investigation commission's "preliminary report" said that things were worse "than had been feared." On the last day of March it was asked that the moratorium be extended two months. By the sixth of April auditors were calling his accounts "grossly misrepresentative," the balances "fictitious," many of the alleged assets non-existent. And by April 6 Ivar Kreuger had become a "cool defrauder," a forger by his own hand of $100,000,000 in bonds; and in Stockholm he was "a gambler, who for many years wore the mark of a criminal." The match-stick structure had fallen harder than Troy.

THE amazing part of the affair, writes Edward A. Kandlik in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "has been the manner in which the manipulations of Mr. Kreuger escaped the watchful eyes of accountants, financiers, and legal interests throughout the world." He notes that—

One of the factors which has been mentioned as a possible reason was the unique personality and extraordinary success of the man involved, Ivar Kreuger. Through years of successful enterprise, wealth equaled by only a few in the world, and his unique monopolies and relations with governments the world over, the man had built up a fascination and glamour about himself so great that few thought of calling his honesty into question.

Up in Smoke

—Shafer in the Cincinnati "Times-Star."

NOR even the legend of Kreuger's simple, frugal life remains intact. Rumors of large payments of blackmail, of mysterious affairs with women, of the Park Avenue penthouse, now "for rent," of which a United Press writer says: "While New York speculated on the glamorous guests that may have visited this Arabian Nights retreat, from Paris and Stockholm came stories of the life and loves of the magnate and cavalier."

But to return to the almost equally mysterious financial revelations, we find William H. Stoneman estimating in a Stockholm dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News* that the losses involved in the Kreuger debacle will amount to between 1,200,000,000 and 1,800,000,000 crowns (about $240,000,000 and $360,000,000), the latter figure being equivalent to the Swedish national debt. As a result of the crash, continues this writer—

Thousands of Swedish middle-class families and other thousands of workers' families face hardships. The middle-class folk are deprived of dividends, and in some cases

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of most of their savings, upon which they depended for luxuries. The workers face the possibility of increased unemployment.

Fortunately for Sweden, and unfortunately for sensation-seekers, the Swedes have taken the whole business with the same calm that they display in consuming pickled herring and crawfish.

The most notable phenomenon after the crash is the lack of bitterness toward Kreuger and his associates.

Without indulging in recriminations, the Stockholm *Svenska Dagbladet* reminds its readers that the Swedes would never have had such a firm trust in Kreuger if they had not believed that big foreign bankers were exercising careful control over the Kreuger books and emissions.

Another Swedish daily, the *Svenska Morgonbladet*, says:

Kreuger has been exposed as an adventurer of enormous proportions, perhaps without a parallel in all economic history, and we Swedes suspected nothing. It must be emphasized that Kreuger is not identical with Sweden or her industries, and our national economy remains intact. Kreuger was an autocrat exercising a tremendous influence.

TURNING to our own interest in the Kreuger smash, we find Dr. Max Winkler, the eminent authority on foreign securities, remarking: "Playing with matches has cost the American investing public almost a quarter of a billion dollars."

"How terrifically badly Americans were trimmed by the late Ivar Kreuger is indicated," says Mr. Stoneman, the already quoted writer for the Chicago *Daily News*, "by the story of how the International Match Corporation surrendered $50,000,000 worth of German 6 per cent. bonds in return for Kreuger's mere promise to deliver a number of 'Italian treasury certificates.'" As this correspondent gleans the story from one of the Swedish investigators—

Badly in need of cash, Kreuger last winter approached the Swedish *Riksbank*. Here he was told that he might have an advance if as collateral he would deposit shares of the Boliden Gold Mine, which Kreuger and Toll, parent organization in the Kreuger combine, had previously bought personally from Kreuger.

In order to secure these Boliden shares, which were deposited with the *Skandinaviska Kreditsktiebolaget* (Scandinavian Credit Bank), Kreuger decided to substitute for them German bonds owned by International Match. In order to get the German bonds he promised to give International Match £7,000,000 worth of Italian treasury certificates—which are now known to be forgeries. Subsequently he got the German bonds, substituted them for the Boliden shares, and deposited the Boliden shares with the *Riksbank*, receiving a personal cash advance of 40,000,000 crowns.

These forged certificates were purported to be secret receipts for a naval construction loan Kreuger had supposedly granted to Italy.

THEN there is the story told in the same dispatch of the agreement whereby the International Telephone and Telegraph Company was to secure a majority of the stock of the L. M. Ericsson Telephone Company (a Kreuger affiliate), which Kreuger pledged in return for an $11,000,000

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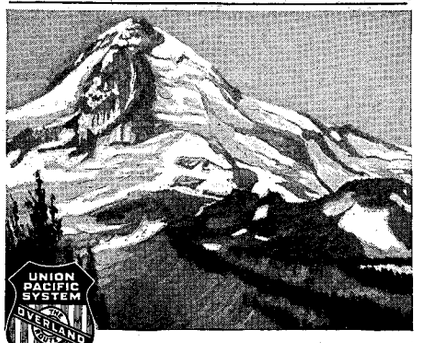

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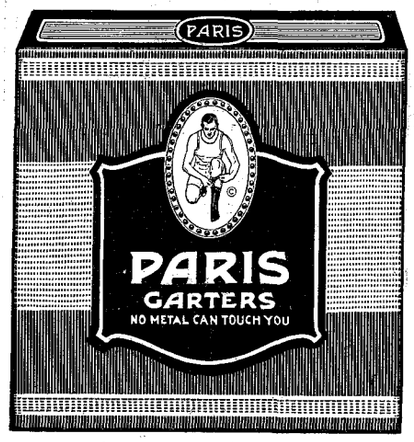

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advance from the American corporation. It was discovered that Kreuger had misrepresented the cash position of the Ericsson Company. The house of Morgan, according to this story, demanded that Kreuger pay back the $11,000,000. He was unable to raise the money, and left hastily for Europe, and then came the suicide and—

Now International Match finds itself in possession of the Ericsson majority stock, which it can not possess legally, because of Swedish law requiring control of Swedish companies to remain in Swedish hands.

The American Kreuger affiliate, the International Match Company, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, and various committees have been appointed to conserve the rights of American investors in Kreuger securities.

MEANWHILE, the press of the world moralizes.

"Honesty is the best policy," is the text of many an editorial sermon.

One lesson that the New York *Journal of Commerce* would draw from the affair, "is the danger of placing an excessive amount of power in the direction of large corporate affairs in the hands of one man." It also, we read on, "points to the difficult problems raised by the marked development of the holding company device in corporate affairs."

Why was not this "ungodly mess" discovered sooner, asks the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot:*

Why was there no auditing check? Is this a fair sample of bankers' knowledge of foreign securities they handle? Have bankers handling foreign securities no method of checking and verifying the accounts of companies whose securities they sell, so as to detect the kind of falsification the auditors seem to have detected now? Until such questions are answered satisfactorily, bankers handling foreign securities need not be surprized if they are subjected to even heavier fire than that already being directed against them.

Steel's New Leadership

THE spring of 1932 brings big changes to "Big Steel."

Recent weeks have seen the United States Steel Corporation choosing a new chairman and a new president, and taking a historic dividend action. The omission of a dividend on the common shares on April 26 puts them on a non-paying basis for the first time since 1915.

It is cheerful to remember that regular distributions were started up again at a five-dollar rate in 1916, and that extras were paid during the war and post-war years, and that the regular dividend was put up to seven dollars in 1926. The dividend was reduced to a four-dollar basis last September, and to a two-dollar basis in January.

The reason for the recent omission is, of course, the present low activity in the steel business.

And this is what Emile Gauvreau has in mind when he remarks in his New York *Daily Mirror* column regarding the recent appointment of Myron C. Taylor to be Steel's chief executive: "No salary is too big for the headaches which this gentleman will experience before his business starts to hum." The writer can not help adding: "And if it can be made to hum, he is the man who can accomplish it."

IT will be remembered that since the death of the late Elbert H. Gary, the destinies of the Steel Corporation were controlled by a triumvirate: J. P. Morgan, Chairman of the Board; Myron C. Taylor, Chairman of the Finance Committee; James A. Farrell, President. Within the last few weeks the directors have accepted Mr. Morgan's retirement, have made Mr. Taylor Chairman of the Board, and the real chief head of the organization, and have chosen William A. Irvin as President to succeed Mr. Farrell, whose resignation became effective April 19.

The theory of the new set-up is explained by B. C. Forbes in his *Forbes Magazine:*

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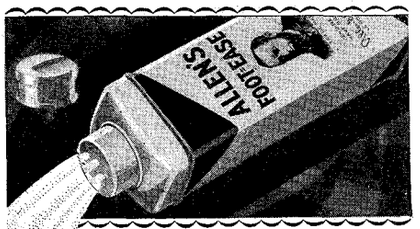

FIRST AID TO BEAUTY AND CHARM

Nothing so mars a beautiful face as the lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet. Many beauty experts say, that one of the chief reasons so many women look aged and tired is because their feet hurt.

For more than 30 years *Allen's Foot-Ease* the Antiseptic Powder has been giving rest and comfort to millions of tender, aching feet. Shake it in your shoes in the morning and walk all day—dance all evening in comfort. Sold everywhere—2 sizes now on sale. Trial package sent FREE. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

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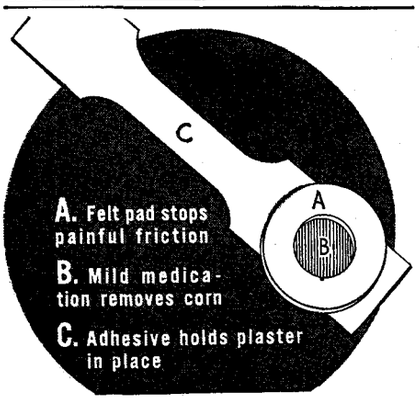
Send for Free book, "How to Obtain a Patent," and "Record of Invention" blank. Ask us how to protect your ideas. Victor J. Evans & Co., 610E Victor Building, Washington, D. C.



TO REMOVE CORNS USE BLUE-JAY

Ordinary corn pads merely *cover* the corn. They cannot *remove* it as Blue-jay, the *medicated* corn plaster, does.

If you want to treat your corn in a safe, dependable way, apply a Blue-jay Corn Plaster and let the mild medication (note picture above) penetrate the corn and loosen it for easy removal. Blue-jay not only removes corns but gives *instant* pain-relief, because the soft felt pad prevents shoe friction on the tender spot.

Always ask for this *medicated* plaster—genuine Blue-jay, made by a noted surgical dressing house. All druggists, six for 25c.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

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FREE BOOKLET—"FOR BETTER FEET"—A very helpful book; contains valuable suggestions for foot sufferers. For a free copy mail this coupon to Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

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To superintend actual operations, notably production, a practical man, trained from the ground up in the particular line of business, is usually chosen, whereas a different type, a man of broader business experience, is favored as the chief molder of policies and handler of finances.

William A. Irvin, the new president, is strictly a steel man, master of factory and furnace operations, not blind to the importance of selling, but wholly untrained in magnitudinous financial problems.

Myron C. Taylor, enjoying a foundation of legal training and varied large-scale business and financial administrative experience—a recognized business statesman—will be the principal pilot of the two-billion-dollar corporation.

As far as Mr. Taylor is concerned, he has been considered to all intents the directing head of the organization for some time, and is well known to Wall Street as a lawyer and banker of long experience. He is expected to take Judge Gary's place as the big man of the steel industry.

But it was something of a surprize to both Wall Street and to the general public when Mr. Irvin was named to succeed Mr. Farrell. And yet this man, as the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* informs us, "has been toiling away in one or another of the subsidiaries of the corporation for close to twenty-five years, and has followed the business he is in for thirty-seven." As this daily tells us more about Mr. Irvin:

He is an operating man, and his work, all these years, has been under the close observation of his superiors.

Like Mr. Farrell, Mr. Irvin comes of humble beginnings, but while Mr. Farrell rose through the wire end of the steel business, Mr. Irvin's first job was working with telegraph wires, from which he turned to enter the sheet side of the steel business. Ten years Mr. Farrell's junior, he started as a telegrapher with the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1888, the year Mr. Farrell received his first big promotion, the managership of the Pittsburgh Wire Company, after he had worked up from a laborer. Mr. Irvin stuck a while at railroading, becoming a clerk and then an assistant freight and ticket agent.

When he entered the steel business of P. H. Laufman Company, Ltd., as a shipping clerk in 1895, Mr. Farrell was somewhere along his route of advancement between the Pittsburgh Wire managership and the export managership of the American Steel and Wire Company. Mr. Irvin's company was taken over by the American Sheet Steel Company and was merged into the American Sheet and Tin Plate, of which he became assistant operating vice-president. During the succeeding twenty years, during most of which time Mr. Farrell was president of Steel, Mr. Irvin was learning the ins and outs of operating, and he graduated into the full vice-presidency in 1924.

Lacked the Hollywood Touch.—A flicker director happened to be holidaying in China when the hostilities broke out. On his return to California the scribes met him and asked him for the story of his exciting experiences.

"Boys," he said, "it wasn't a bit exciting. It was so tame I went out of my hotel and told 'em to shoot the scene all over again."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

LAVORIS

IT'S DIFFERENT

Lavoris has a unique mouth-purging action, very different from that of ordinary mouth washes. It coagulates germ-laden mucus . . . flushes out embedded bacteria and leaves the mouth and throat in a clean and hygienic condition.

Lavoris positively will not injure delicate membrane.

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Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c for cost of packing and mailing.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Reward of the Goody.—
Girls who give advice to others
Go to Proms with their own brothers.
—*Evelyne Lowe Cooper in Judge.*

Kill or Cure.—The President wants Rudy Vallee to chase away depression with a song. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Prunes Next.—PROFESSOR—"What is the most common impediment in the speech of American people?"
"FRESHMAN—"Chewing-gum."—*Christian Advocate.*

Probably "Baa Baa."—"What's the idea of the Greens having French lessons?"
"They have adopted a French baby, and want to understand what she says when she begins to talk."—*The Lutheran.*

No Footman Needed.—SHE—"Would you put yourself out for me?"
HE—"Certainly."
SHE—"Then close the door as you pass out."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Old Faithful.—SHE—"I wonder if you'll love me when my hair has turned to gray."
HE—"Why not? I've loved you every time you've changed color so far."—*Capper's Weekly.*

Beating Temptation to the Punch.—MRS. BROWN—"I hope you didn't take a second piece of cake at the party."
BOBBY—"No, Ma. I took two pieces the first time."—*Tit-Bits.*

Coarse Work.—HOUSE-PARTY HOSTESS—"Very bad form, I call it, to ring me up during church hours."
GUEST—"Probably she knows you don't go to church."
HOSTESS—"Very likely; but she might have had the decency to assume that I do."—*Boston Transcript.*

Learning From Granny.—A certain grandson of Queen Victoria, when a freshman at Oxford, had spent all of his allowance and, what is worse, gone ten pounds in debt.

He appealed to his royal grandmother, asking her for an advance on future remittances. He didn't get it. Instead, he received a lengthy letter from that austere lady containing some reproof and much, much advice.

In due course the young man replied to this. He had, he said, decided to heed everything his grandmother had to say about conservatism and thrift and had, in fact, already begun by selling the original of her letter to a collector for twenty-five pounds.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

This Poeb Albost Sdeezes.—

SODDET OD SPRIG

I sig the joys of soft ad suddy sprig;
(I sig them through the dose). A welcob warb
We tedder to her spilig, verdal charb;
(She deeds the warpth,) the robid's od the wig;
The blossobs their cobbiggled scet exhale
Upon the air, ad everything here blows—
The pik adebbodee, the pikker dose.
The Easter boddet id Dorth-easter gale.
The frogs are id the pod—(ad id the throat),
The yug spring labkid id the beadow sprigs,—
(Ah, warb, the all-wool labkid!) Od the breeze
A byriad gerbs of idfluedza float;
Ad by the stove, id witter fladdel thigs,
I ped this soddet ere by figgers freeze!
—*Princeton Widow.*

"Before you get on, old chap, I think it's only fair to warn you I have rather a nasty cold."
—"The Humorist" (London).

Old Soldiers' Past Glories.—
"Let bandits plan a ride for him—
We're alluding now to dad;
He tells how girlies cried for him
When he was a young lad.
—*Buffalo News.*

Ma smiles incredulously then
She takes the floor with pride
And tells how many hearts of men
She broke to be his bride.
—*Newark (Ohio) Advocate.*

All-Important Angle.—A West side politician got his first dinner coat, recently, in time for a dressy function to which he was invited. He had a little trouble tying his tie, so he dropt in at the corner speakeasy and asked the bar-keep which of the customers was good at tying a bow tie.

"That fellow at the end of the bar there," said the bar-keep with a laconic gesture.

The politician approached the somber-looking gentleman designated.

"Would you mind tying this for me?" he asked, pulling his tie out of his pocket and slipping it under his collar.

"Sure," said the man, "but not that way. You'll have to lie down."

An explanatory comment came from another bar patron.

"You see, he's an undertaker," he said.—*Chicago Union.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Bed-Time Story.—Five fluffy little kittens were born on the stage, but not until the mother cat had been removed.—*Denver Post.*

How's Your Arithmetic?—Mustered to enforce the peace were more than 40,000 watchers including all of Chicago's 50,000 policemen.—*Lake Charles (La.) paper.*

For Their Moral Good, We Trust.—
ADVISES OYSTERS
ALL YEAR ROUND
—*Richmond News Leader.*

Pass the Smelling Salts.—Then the officers closed in. Murphy was wounded in one hip. A stray bullet killed one bystander slightly.—*Maryville (Mo.) paper.*

Whirroo!—Mrs. Floretta P. McC—— of Pueblo, Colorado, America's champion woman howler, added to her laurels, to-day.—*Pontiac (Mich.) paper.*

"Wild" Is Right.—Gill was dropt three times and floundered all around the ring in the two rounds he managed to survive under wild right-hand lefts to the chin.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Sidereal Time.—The fastest regular passenger-train in the world is to be that running from Swinton, England, to Paddington Station at an average rate of *9.3 miles an hour.—*New Orleans States.*

They're Doubling Up Now.—
GENEVAN HIT
BY AUTO RIDING
ON MOTORCYCLE
—*Aurora (N. Y.) Beacon News.*

Probably a Politician.—Sebewaing—Oscar Kurzer caught a lawyer weighing eight pounds with a mud turtle in the stomach which was so large it could not be pushed back through the mouth.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Nailing the Colors.—
PIKE COUNTY TRIBUNE
Devoted to the Interest of the Editor, and the Social, Moral, and Economic Development of Delight and Pike County, Arkansas
—*Delight (Ark.) paper.*

Ye Gods! Spare Us!—Auckland, New Zealand—The American steamer *Sierra* discharged a cargo of gods here to-day under police protection because of threats of dock workers and seamen that they would take retaliatory action.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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"IT MEANS TWO MONTHS *just dropped out of my life*"

LIFE is almost useless during those long weeks between the old teeth and the new ones. You are not exactly "dropped" by your friends . . . you drop *yourself* . . . afraid to talk . . . afraid to laugh . . . nothing can more quickly sow the seeds of an inferiority complex.

What causes this mental anguish? Nothing except the simple fact that lost teeth are usually *your own fault*. If your dentist wanted to be absolutely frank and not spare your feelings, that is just what he would tell you: "*It's your own fault.*"

Why must we lose sound-looking teeth?

Some teeth are lost through accident. Some are lost through decay. But the great surprise is when the dentist brings the word "pyorrhea" into the conversation. Because pyorrhea is a disease of the gums—a disease that works beneath the surface. Sometimes it works for five or even ten years before its effects are known. Teeth lost through pyorrhea are likely to be sound, healthy teeth so far as the eye can see. *That* is the great shock of pyorrhea.

Pyorrhea causes half the losses

Now you can see why it is so important to give your dentist an opportunity to check up regularly, because only the dentist can detect pyorrhea in its early stages. Don't keep your dentist tied down to repair work. Give him a fair chance at *prevention*. More than half the losses of adult teeth are due to pyorrhea, so you may be sure every reputable dentist is thoroughly versed in the treatment of the disease. In fact, thousands of dentists from coast to coast today are using at their chairs the special pyorrhea treatment of Dr. R. J. Forhan. That is his *professional* formula. His *home* formula is embodied in *Forhan's Toothpaste*, and it cannot be obtained by the public in any other way. You can't have healthy teeth in unhealthy gums, and Forhan's is really a double-duty toothpaste. Use it twice a day for both teeth *and* gums.

It's worth taking seriously.

Bleeding gums may warn you too late

Preserve your natural teeth. Don't wait for warnings. See your dentist twice a year. Use Forhan's faithfully —the whole family. It's a supremely fine toothpaste, and then besides there is the big *protection-plus* of the Forhan home formula. Remember that. And read the directions on the big brown tube. At all drug stores. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N.Y. Forhan's Ltd., Ste. Therese, P.Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

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